DELL
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JULY
THE
OUTER
LIMITS
U.F.O.'S
SIGHTED –
DESTINATION:
UNKNOWN!
IT'S TRUE!!
WE'RE BEING
INVADED BY
STRANGE CREATURES
FROM SPACE!
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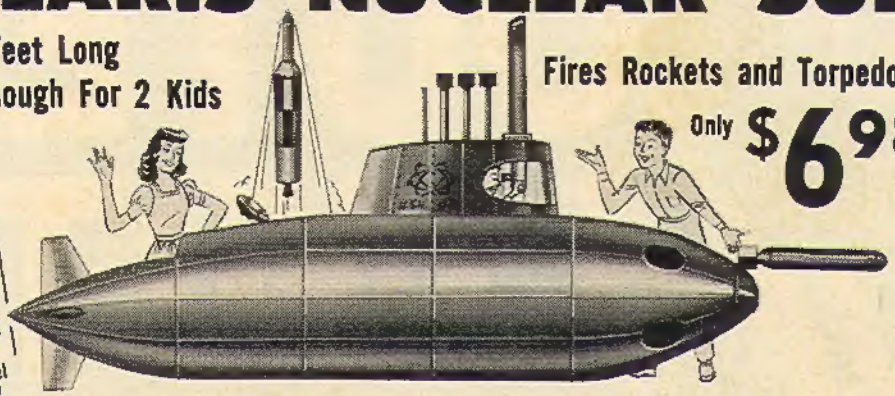
POLARIS NUCLEAR SUB

Over 7 Feet Long
Big Enough For 2 Kids

Fires Rockets and Torpedoes

Only $6.98



FEATURES
- Over 7 feet long
- Seats 2 kids
- Controls that work
- Rockets that fire
- Real periscope
- Firing torpedoes
- Electrically lit instrument panel

How proud you will be as commander of your own POLARIS SUB — the most powerful weapon in the world! What hours of imaginative play and fun as you and your friends dive, surface, maneuver, watch the enemy through the periscope and fire your nuclear missiles and torpedoes! What thrills as you play at hunting sunken treasures in pirate waters and exploring the strange and mysterious bottom of the deep ocean floor!

HOURS AND HOURS OF ADVENTURE

Sturdily constructed of 200 lb. test fibreboard. Comes complete with easy assembly instructions. Costs only $6.98 for this giant of fun, adventure and science. (Because of the POLARIS SUB'S giant size we must ask for 75c shipping charges.)

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Order today and we will rush your POLARIS NUCLEAR SUB to you. Use it for 10 full days. If you don't think it is the greatest ever—the best toy you ever had—just send it back for full purchase price refund.

MONSTER S-I-Z-E MONSTERS

Just imagine your friends' shock when they walk into your room and see the "visitor" standing around . . . as BIG as life. Frankenstein and Dracula — as awful and sinister as any wild dream. . . . . A full 6-feet tall in chilling full color on durable 80-pound stock, and so life-like you'll probably find yourself talking to them. Won't you be surprised if they answer! Just send $1 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. Money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CORP.,
125 MARBLEDALE ROAD, CG 666
TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK

Rush me my POLARIS NUCLEAR SUB. I can use it for 10 days and if I am not delighted return it for full purchase price refund.
☐ SEND IT PREPAID. I enclose $6.98 plus 75¢ to help cover shipping charges.
☐ SEND IT C.O.D. I enclose $1 good-will deposit and I will pay postman $5.98 on delivery plus C.O.D. postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

N. Y. State residents please add 14¢ sales tax.

10-DAY FREE TRIAL

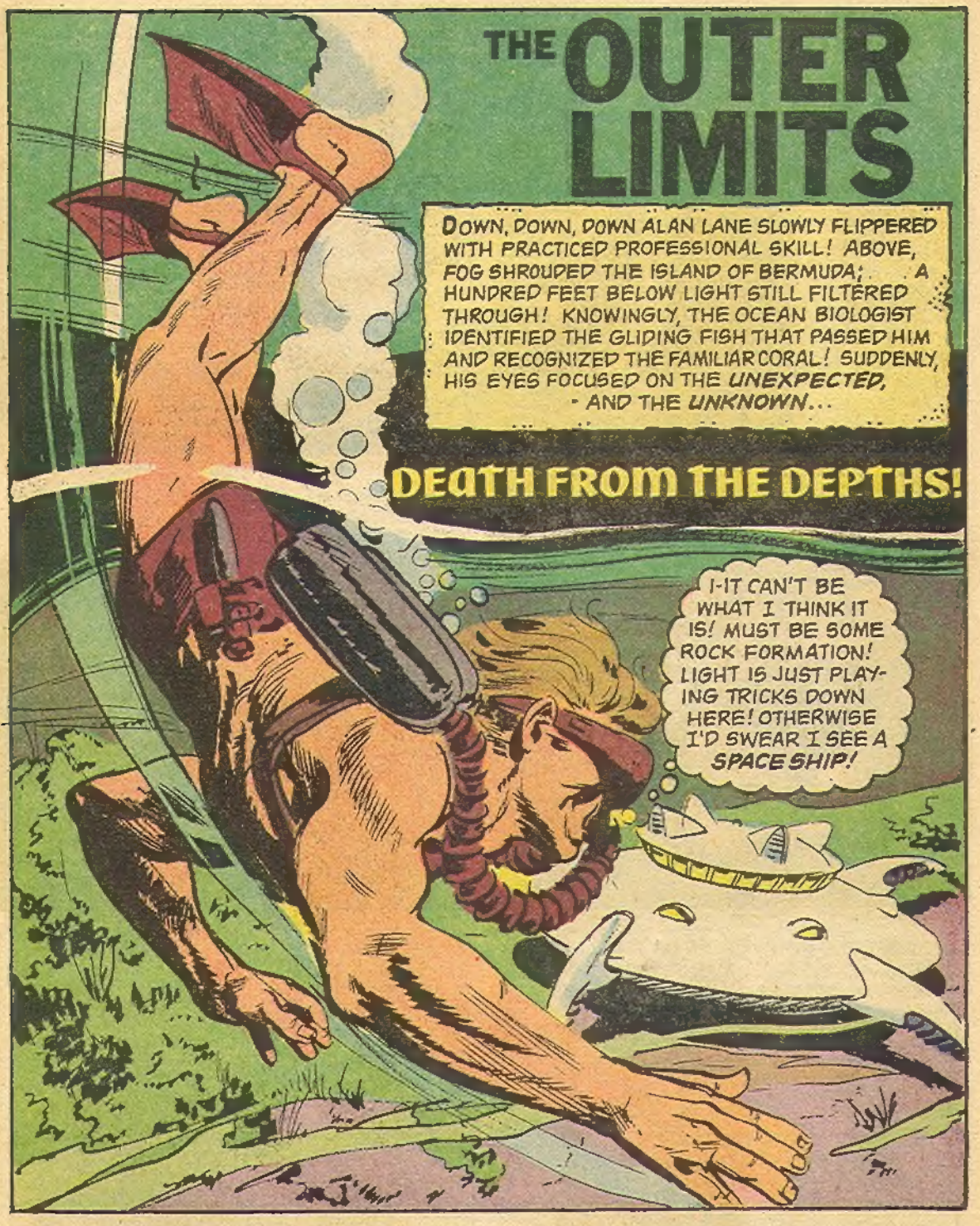
EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CORP.,
125 MARBLEDALE ROAD, CG 666
TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK

Rush me my 6-ft. tall monsters. Send me:
☐ Frankenstein ☐ Dracula
I enclose $1 plus 25¢ for postage and handling for each. If I don't get shivers of delight, I can return my purchase within 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

N.Y. State residents please add 2¢ sales tax.


THE OUTER LIMITS
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN ALAN LANE SLOWLY FLIPPERED WITH PRACTICED PROFESSIONAL SKILL! ABOVE, FOG SHROUDED THE ISLAND OF BERMUDA; . . A HUNDRED FEET BELOW LIGHT STILL FILTERED THROUGH! KNOWINGLY, THE OCEAN BIOLOGIST IDENTIFIED THE GLIDING FISH THAT PASSED HIM AND RECOGNIZED THE FAMILIAR CORAL! SUDDENLY, HIS EYES FOCUSED ON THE UNEXPECTED, - AND THE UNKNOWN...
DEATH FROM THE DEPTHS!
I-IT CAN'T BE WHAT I THINK IT IS! MUST BE SOME ROCK FORMATION! LIGHT IS JUST PLAYING TRICKS DOWN HERE! OTHERWISE I'D SWEAR I SEE A SPACE SHIP!

THE OUTER LIMITS, No. 9, July 1966. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. All rights reserved throughout the world. Single copy price 12¢. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., Copyright © 1966 Daystar-Villa Di Stefano-United Artists Television.

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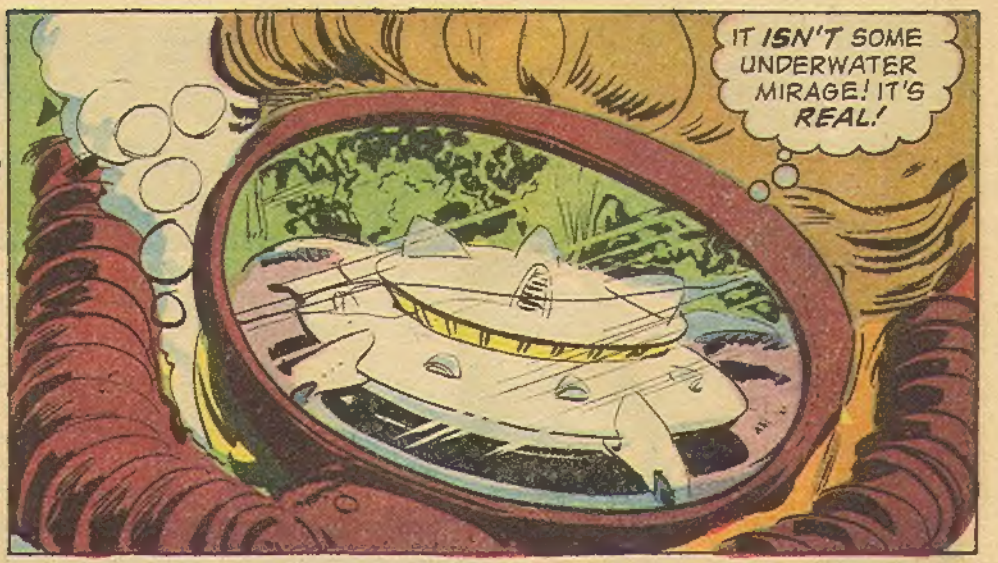
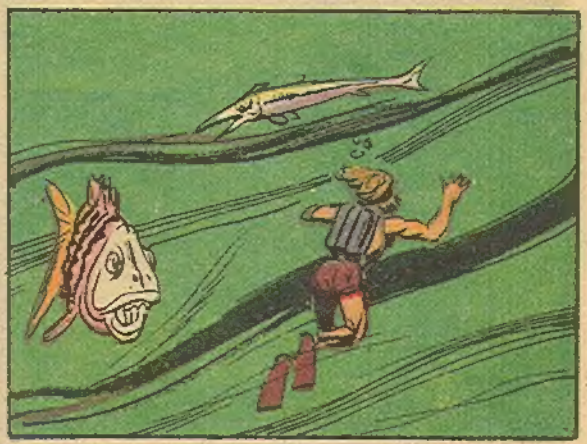
CAREFULLY, THE SCIENTIST BALANCES HIS BODY A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE! HOVERING, HE STARES WITH UNBELIEVING EYES, THEN MOVES IN TO STUDY THE OBJECT MORE THOROUGHLY...

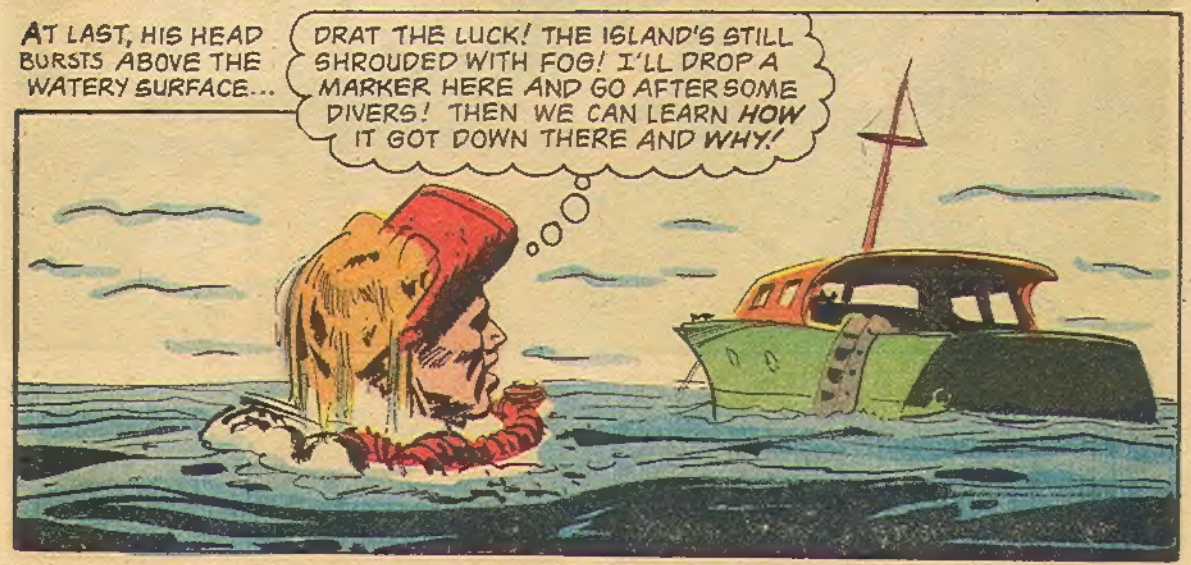


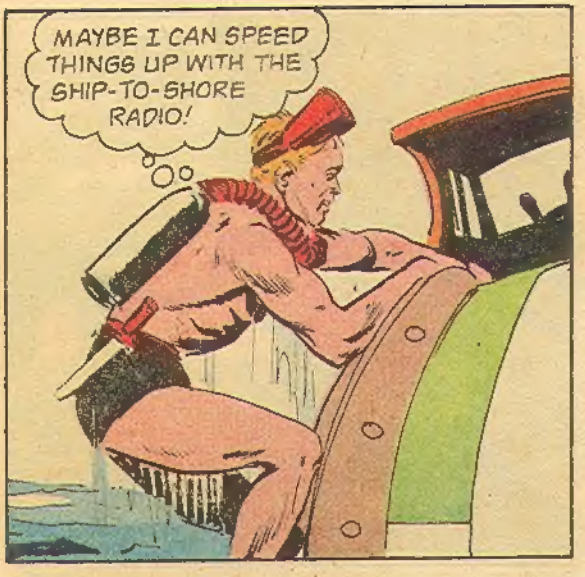
THE ONE TIME I COME DOWN WITHOUT A CAMERA, I FIND THAT!...I'LL GET SOME OTHER DIVERS AND THE PHOTO GEAR! NO ONE'LL TAKE ONE MAN'S WORD FOR THAT!

DESPITE HIS EXCITEMENT, ALAN LANE KEEPS PACE WITH HIS RISING BUBBLES, CAREFUL NOT TO SURFACE DANGEROUSLY FAST...

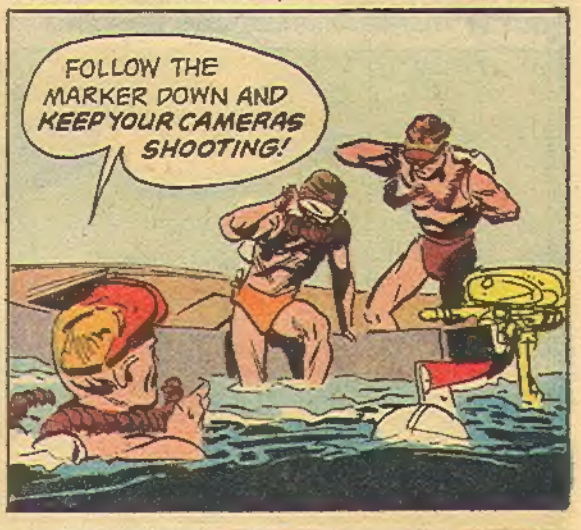


AT LAST, HIS HEAD BURSTS ABOVE THE WATERY SURFACE...

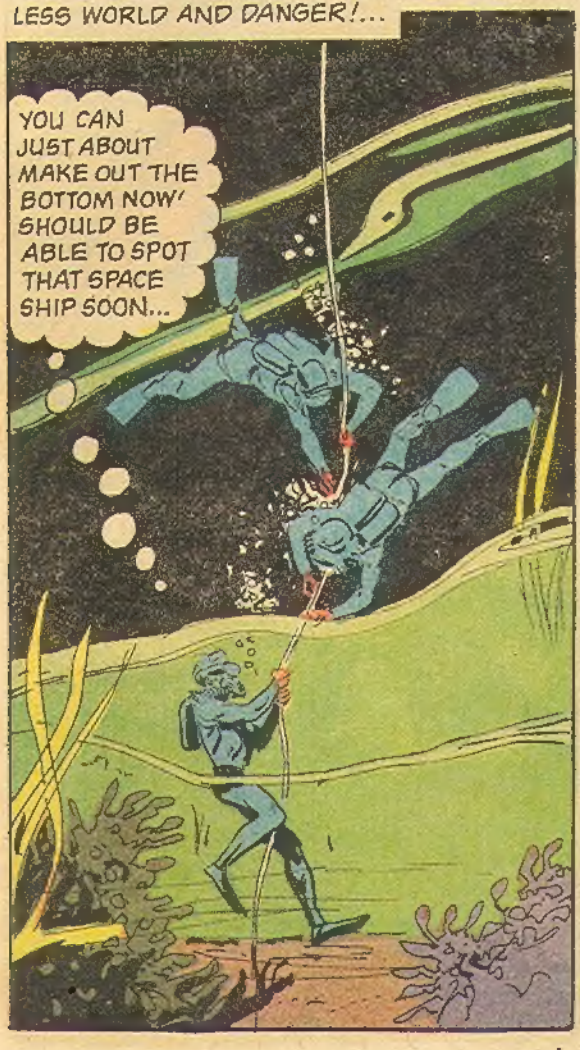

DRAT THE LUCK! THE ISLAND'S STILL SHROUDED WITH FOG! I'LL DROP A MARKER HERE AND GO AFTER SOME DIVERS! THEN WE CAN LEARN HOW IT GOT DOWN THERE AND WHY!



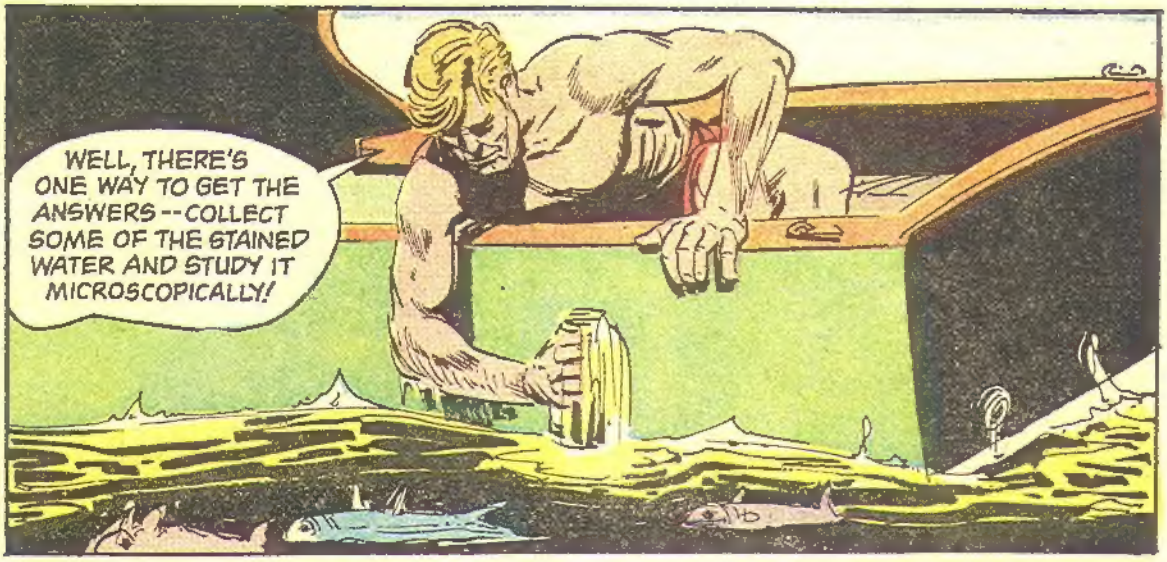
HALF AN HOUR LATER, TWO DIVERS JOIN HIM...



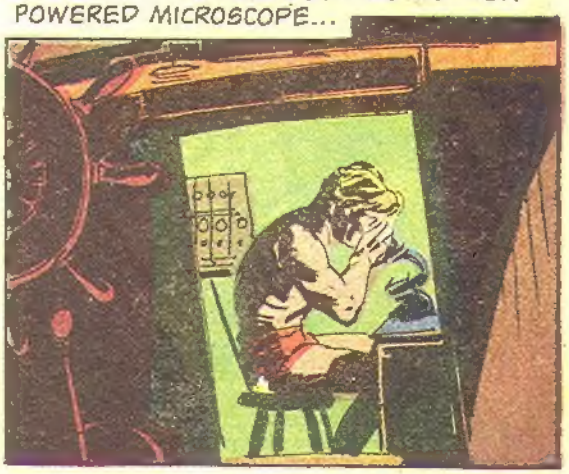
DOWN INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS, THE DIVERS SLOWLY PUSH THEIR WAY INTO THE ALIEN, AIRLESS WORLD AND DANGER!...



FOR TWENTY MINUTES, THEY VAINLY SWIM OUT A THOROUGH, FRUITLESS SEARCH...
HE'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO GO UP! THE TANKS ARE GETTING LOW!
MINUTES LATER, THE DIVERS PUSH THEIR AIR TUBES ASIDE...
ALAN, IT WAS A HALLUCINATION!
NO! I'M A SCIENTIST, A TRAINED OBSERVER! I CHECKED FROM MANY ANGLES -- IT WAS THERE!
WELL, IT ISN'T THERE NOW!
LOOK! I KNOW I'M RIGHT! SOMETHING WAS THERE! IT LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIE! I'M GOING TO FIND IT AGAIN!
HALF AN HOUR LATER, ON HIS ANCHORED BOAT, ALAN LANE GAPED AT THE SEA NEARBY..
WHERE'D THAT STRANGE STAIN COME FROM? AND WHAT'S KILLING ALL THOSE SMALL FISH?

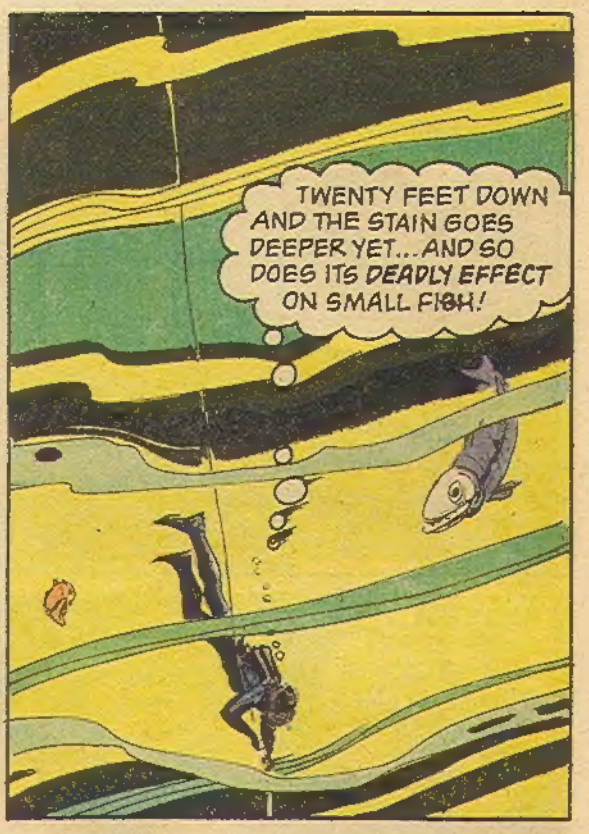


CAREFULLY THE MARINE SCIENTIST BRINGS THE STAIN INTO FOCUS UNDER HIS HIGH-POWERED MICROSCOPE...



IT'S SOME SORT OF MICROSCOPIC SEA ALGAE, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE! FUNNY... NOTHING EVEN SLIGHTLY RESEMBLING IT IS IN THIS COMPLETE ALGAE GUIDE...

SUITING UP, ALAN LANE CHECKS HIS TANK--IT IS FULL! SLIPPING A RAZOR-SHARP KNIFE INTO HIS BELT, HE DESCENDS INTO A STAINED SEA.

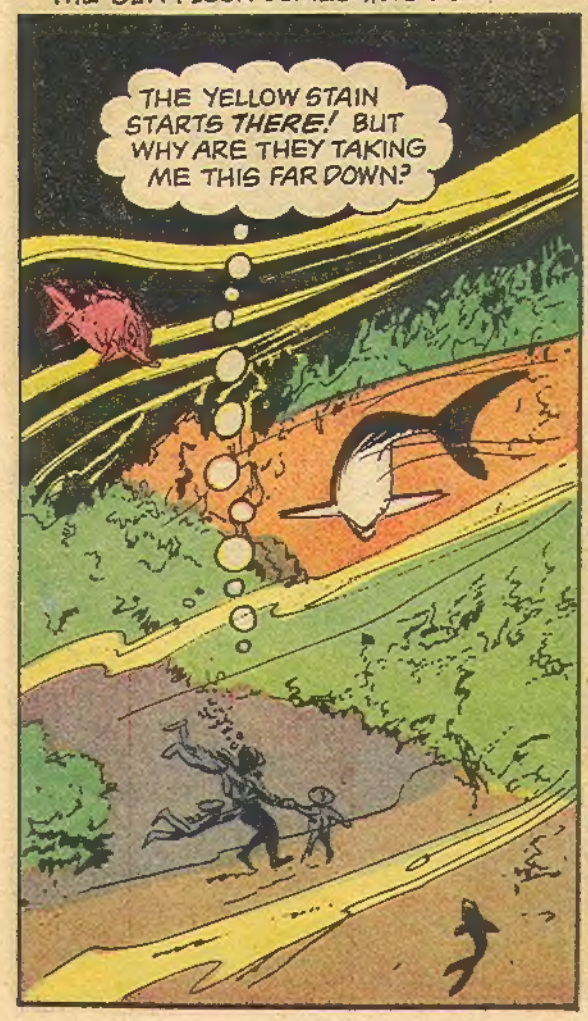


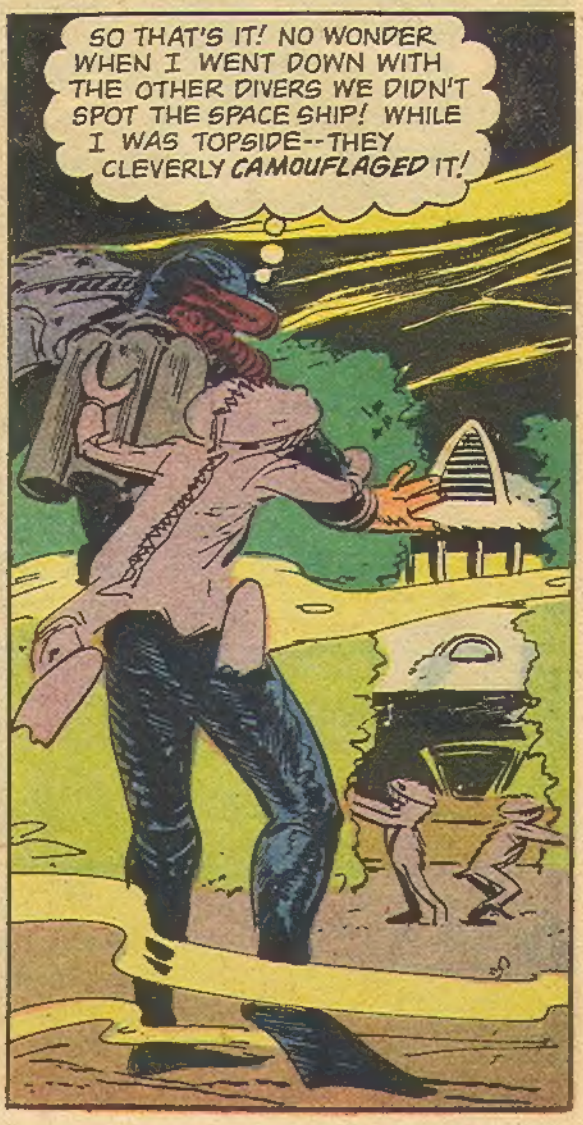
THEN, AS HE NEARS NINETY FEET STILL SWIMMING THROUGH THE STAIN, THE COLOR BEGINS TO TAKE ON BODY AND CONSISTENCY! SUDDENLY THE DIVER FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN AN UNSEEN, STRANGLING FORCE...

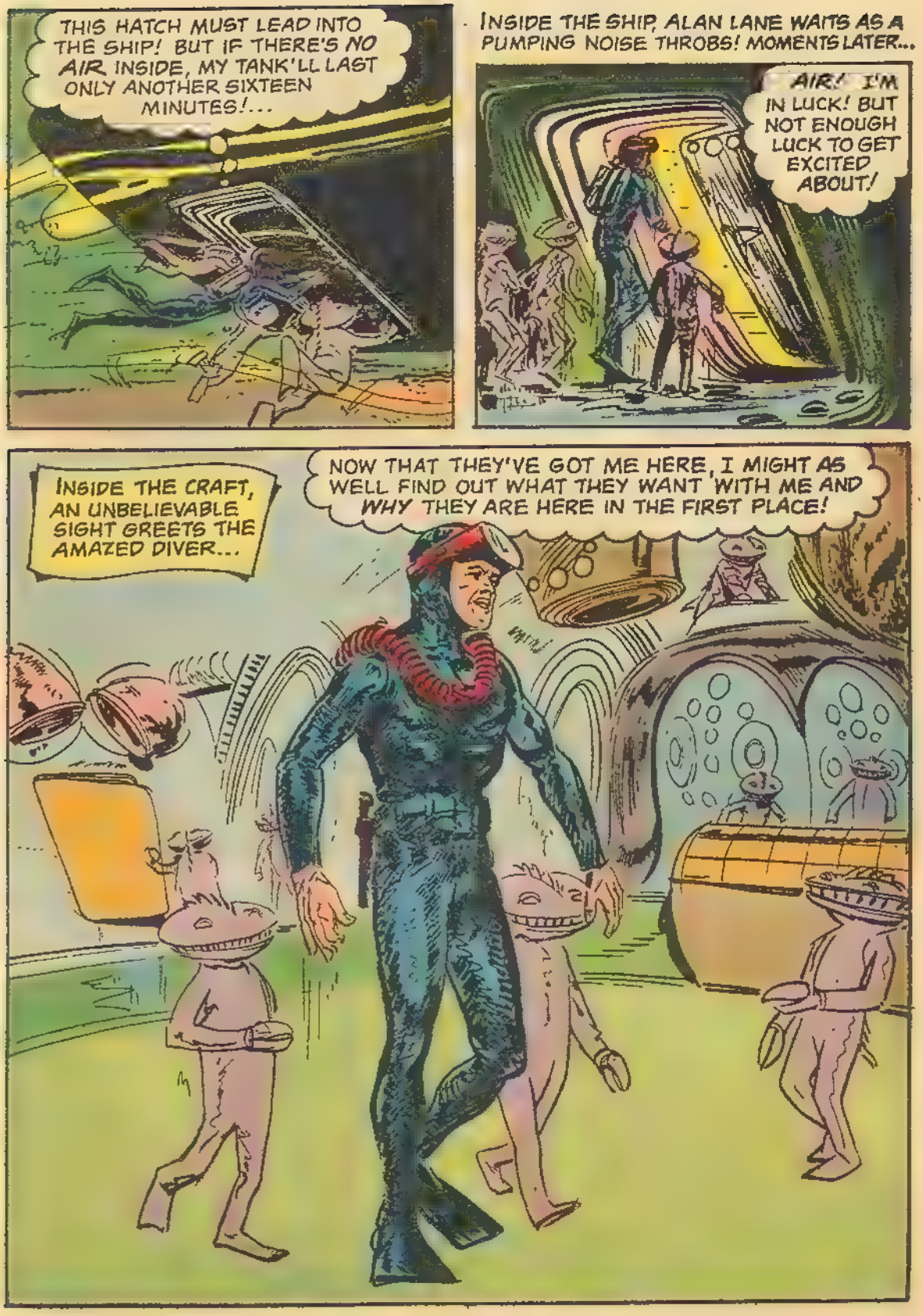
OUT OF THE YELLOW MURK, STRONG ALIEN HANDS GRASP THE SCIENTIST...

SUDDENLY AN UNDERSEA CURRENT THINS THE YELLOW STAIN! BEFORE ALAN'S SURPRISED GAZE FOUR ALIEN CREATURES SWIM, HOLDING HIM FORCIBLY...
NO, I'M NOT SEEING THINGS AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME, I'M NOT HANGING AROUND TO CHECK!
DESPERATELY, THE SCIENTIST TWISTS AND TURNS, TRYING TO BREAK THE ALIENS' GRIP...
TOO MANY FOR ME... GOT TO KEEP TRYING...
M-MY AIR TUBE!

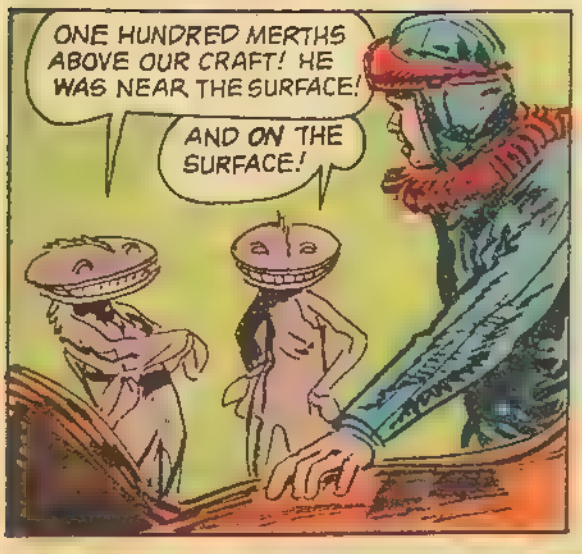
RESISTING NO LONGER, ALAN LANE LETS HIMSELF BE PULLED LOWER! THEN, AS THE SEA FLOOR COMES INTO VIEW...

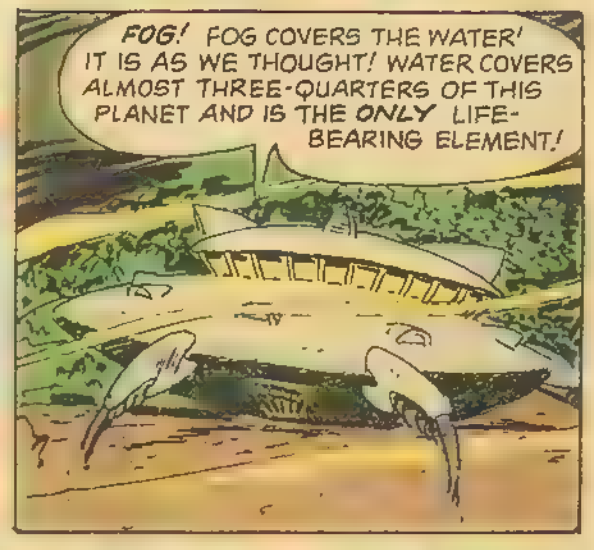


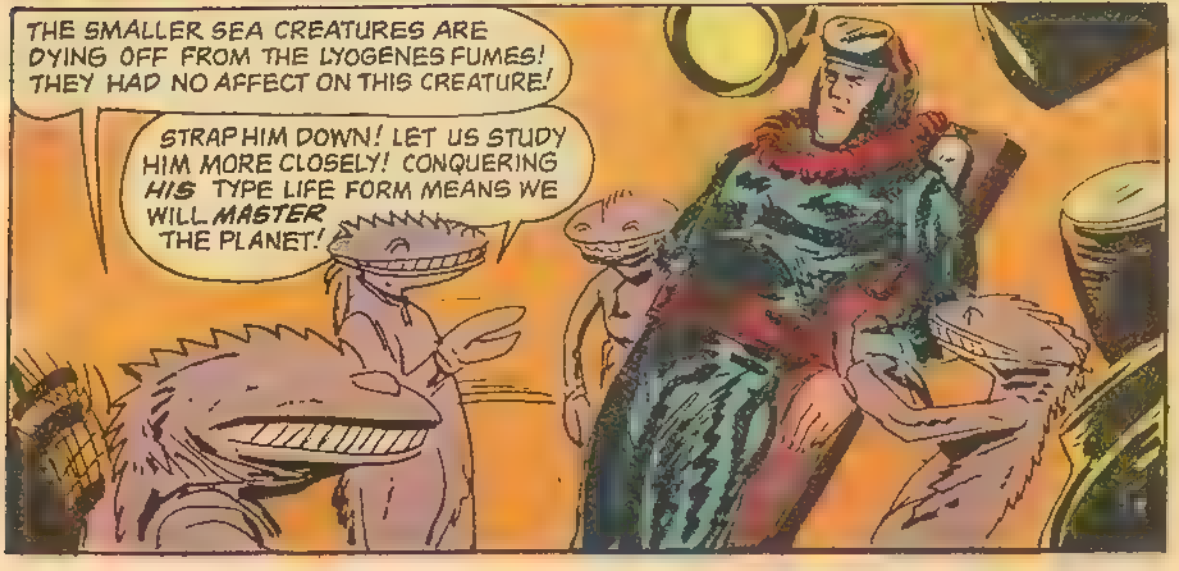

SO THAT'S IT! NO WONDER WHEN I WENT DOWN WITH THE OTHER DIVERS WE DIDN'T SPOT THE SPACE SHIP! WHILE I WAS TOPSIDE--THEY CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED IT!


THIS HATCH MUST LEAD INTO THE SHIP! BUT IF THERE'S NO AIR INSIDE, MY TANK'LL LAST ONLY ANOTHER SIXTEEN MINUTES!...
INSIDE THE SHIP, ALAN LANE WAITS AS A PUMPING NOISE THROBS! MOMENTS LATER...
AIR! I'M IN LUCK! BUT NOT ENOUGH LUCK TO GET EXCITED ABOUT!
INSIDE THE CRAFT, AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT GREETS THE AMAZED DIVER...
NOW THAT THEY'VE GOT ME HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL FIND OUT WHAT THEY WANT WITH ME AND WHY THEY ARE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

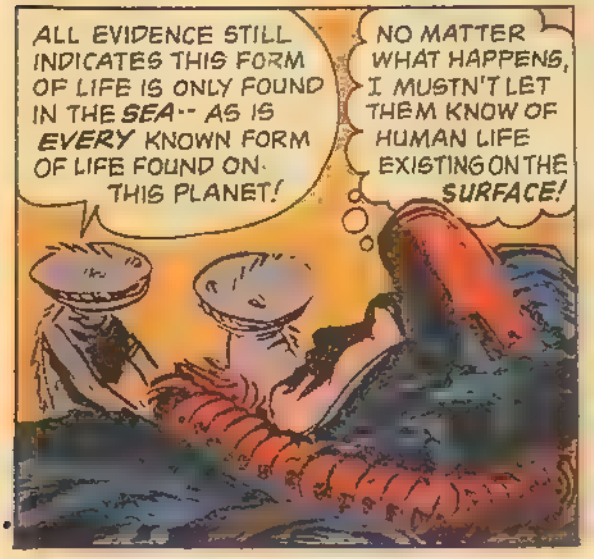
AS THE ALIENS EXCHANGE WORDS, ALAN LANE DISCOVERS THEIR HIGH-PITCHED VOICES ARE CLEARLY INTELLIGIBLE...
THIS REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST FORM OF THE PLANET'S LIFE!
WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?

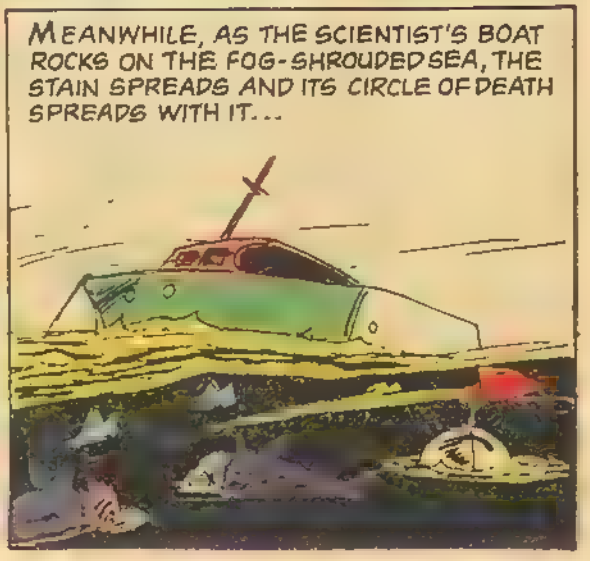

ONE HUNDRED MERTHS ABOVE OUR CRAFT! HE WAS NEAR THE SURFACE!
AND ON THE SURFACE!

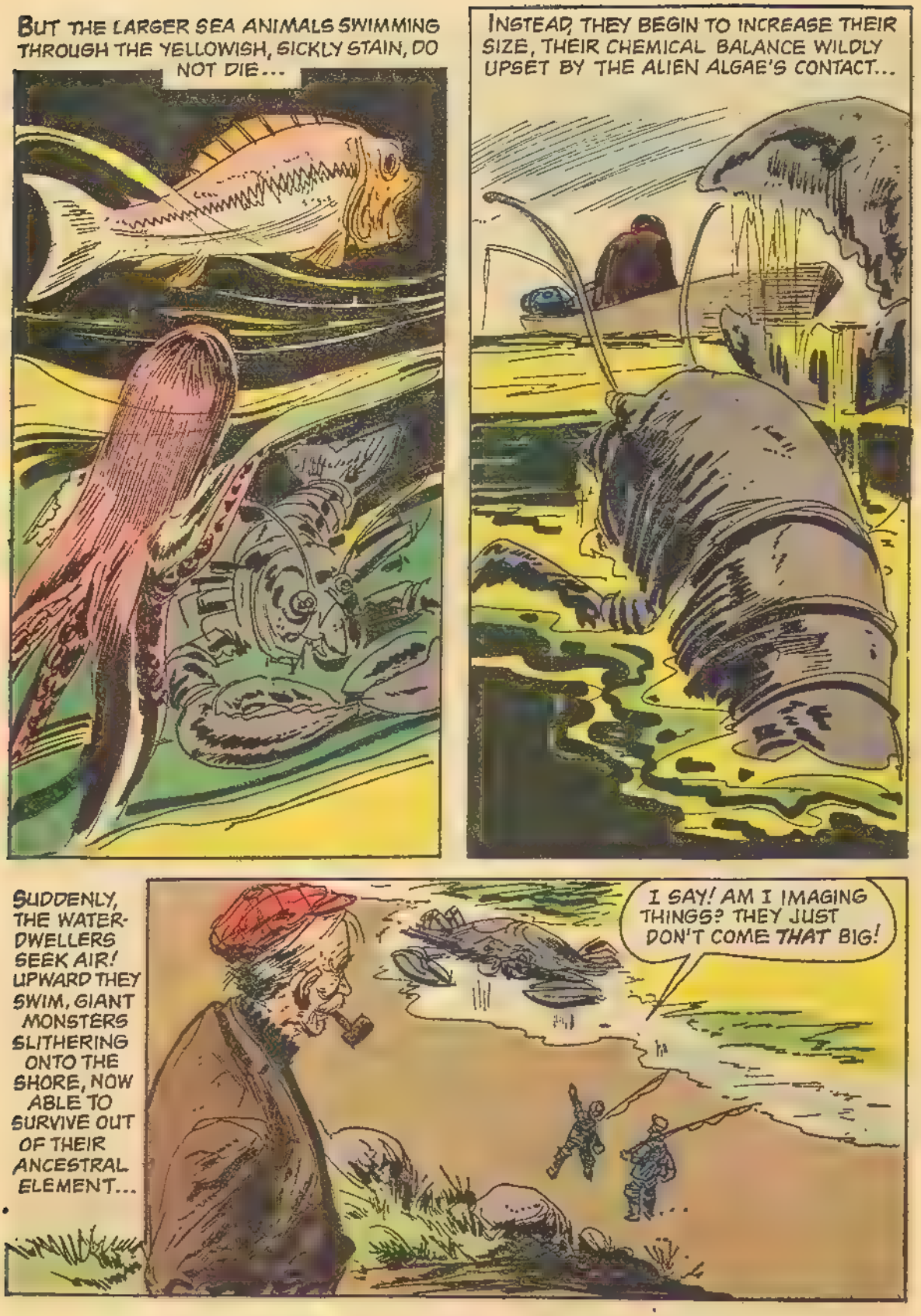

FOG! FOG COVERS THE WATER! IT IS AS WE THOUGHT! WATER COVERS ALMOST THREE-QUARTERS OF THIS PLANET AND IS THE ONLY LIFE-BEARING ELEMENT!


THE SMALLER SEA CREATURES ARE DYING OFF FROM THE LYOGENES FUMES! THEY HAD NO AFFECT ON THIS CREATURE!
STRAP HIM DOWN! LET US STUDY HIM MORE CLOSELY! CONQUERING HIS TYPE LIFE FORM MEANS WE WILL MASTER THE PLANET!

SEA CREATURE ATTACK
STRAPPED HELPLESSLY IN THE ALIEN SHIP'S CABIN, ALAN LANE WATCHES WITH ALMOST DETACHED FASCINATION AS THE ALIENS PROBE, POKE AND STUDY HIM.
THE OUTER LIMITS
PULSE RATE-- DOUBLE OUR NORMAL RATE!
HEART BEAT-- REGULAR, BUT TWICE OUR RATE!

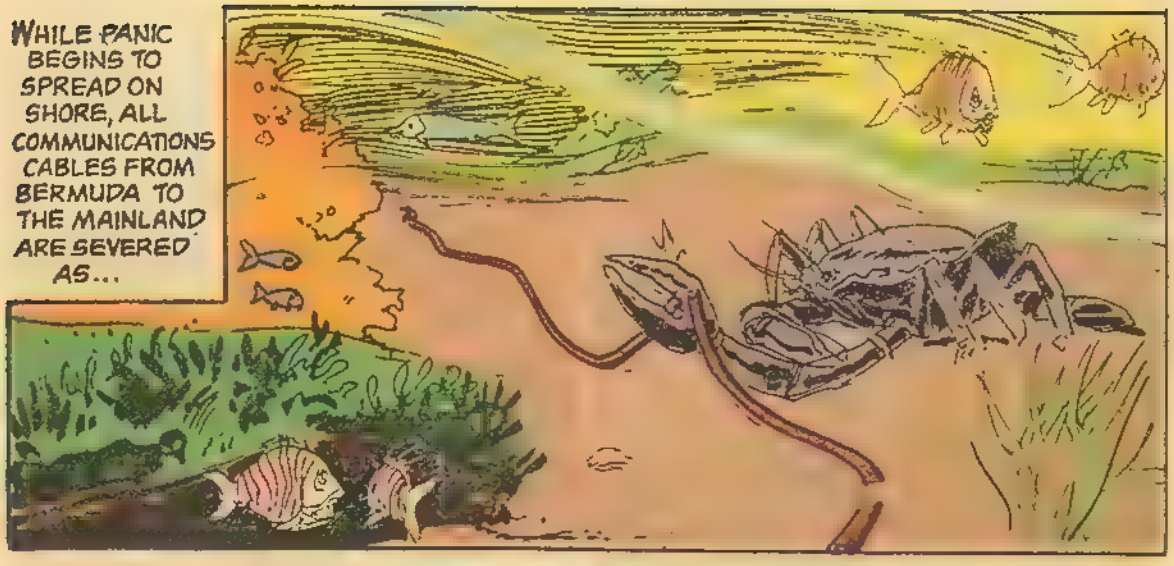

ALL EVIDENCE STILL INDICATES THIS FORM OF LIFE IS ONLY FOUND IN THE SEA-- AS IS EVERY KNOWN FORM OF LIFE FOUND ON THIS PLANET!
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I MUSTN'T LET THEM KNOW OF HUMAN LIFE EXISTING ON THE SURFACE!

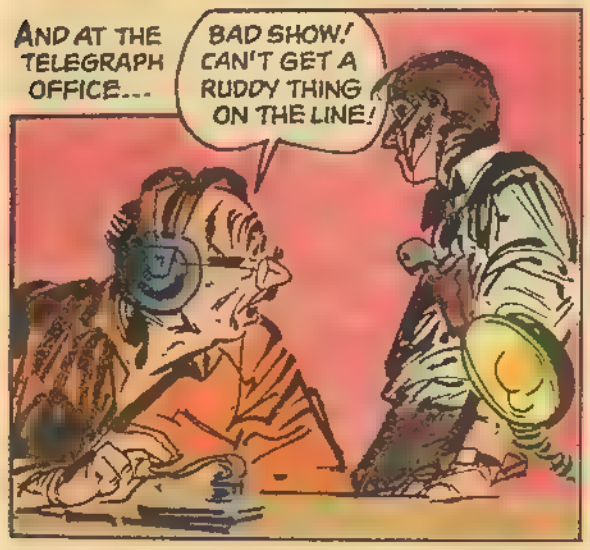

MEANWHILE, AS THE SCIENTIST'S BOAT ROCKS ON THE FOG-SHROUDED SEA, THE STAIN SPREADS AND ITS CIRCLE OF DEATH SPREADS WITH IT...


BUT THE LARGER SEA ANIMALS SWIMMING THROUGH THE YELLOWISH, SICKLY STAIN, DO NOT DIE...
INSTEAD, THEY BEGIN TO INCREASE THEIR SIZE, THEIR CHEMICAL BALANCE WILDLY UPSET BY THE ALIEN ALGAE'S CONTACT...
SUDDENLY, THE WATER-DWELLERS SEEK AIR! UPWARD THEY SWIM, GIANT MONSTERS SLITHERING ONTO THE SHORE, NOW ABLE TO SURVIVE OUT OF THEIR ANCESTRAL ELEMENT...
I SAY! AM I IMAGING THINGS? THEY JUST DON'T COME THAT BIG!

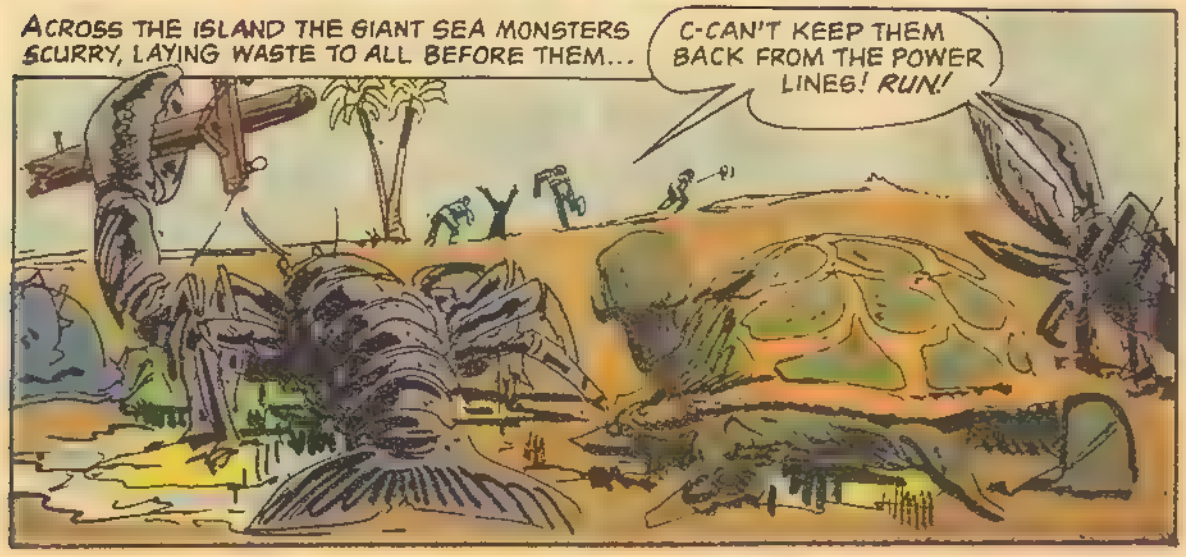
DESPERATELY, THEY TRY TO FREE THE CLAW-HELD MAN! A GUN BLAZES...

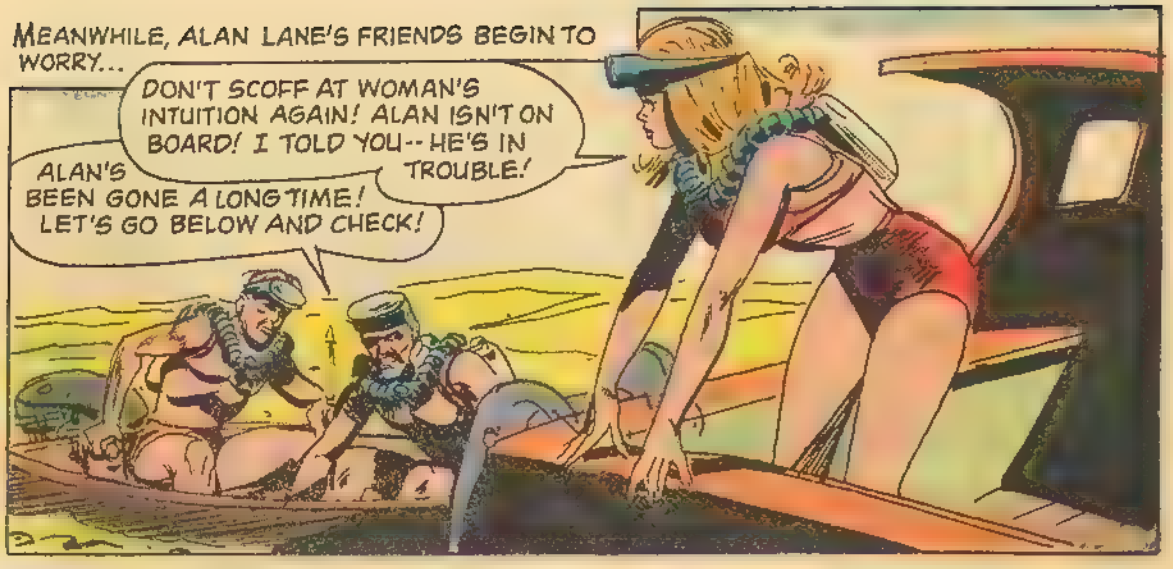
LINE'S DEAD!
NO WONDER! LOOK AT THAT RUDDY OCTOPUS OUT THERE! BETTER DRIVE TO HEADQUARTERS AND GET THINGS ORGANIZED BE-FORE IT'S TOO LATE!

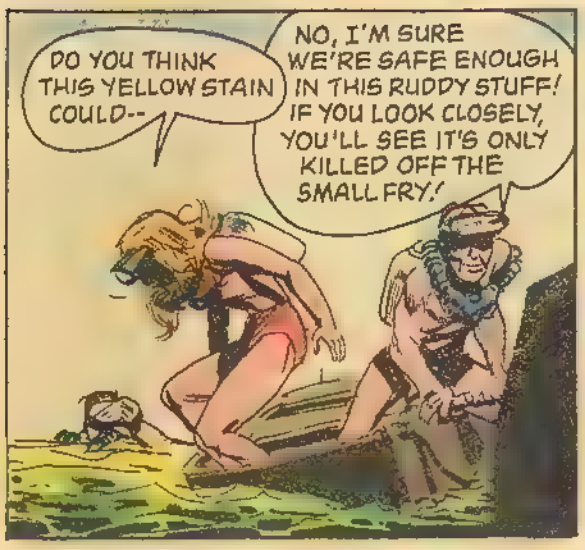

WHILE PANIC BEGINS TO SPREAD ON SHORE, ALL COMMUNICATIONS CABLES FROM BERMUDA TO THE MAINLAND ARE SEVERED AS...

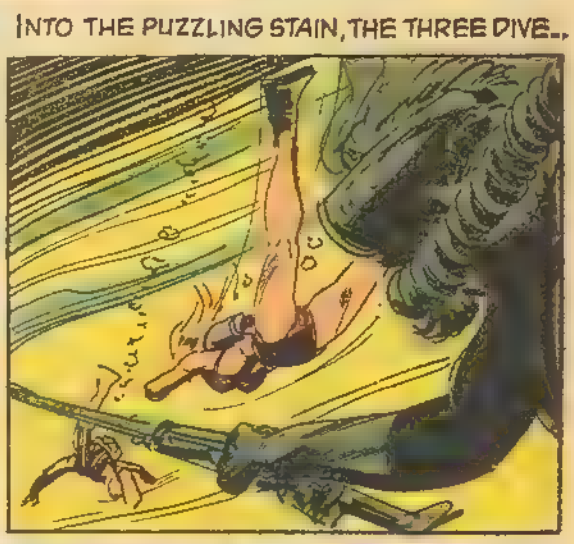

AND AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE...
BAD SHOW! CAN'T GET A RUDDY THING ON THE LINE!

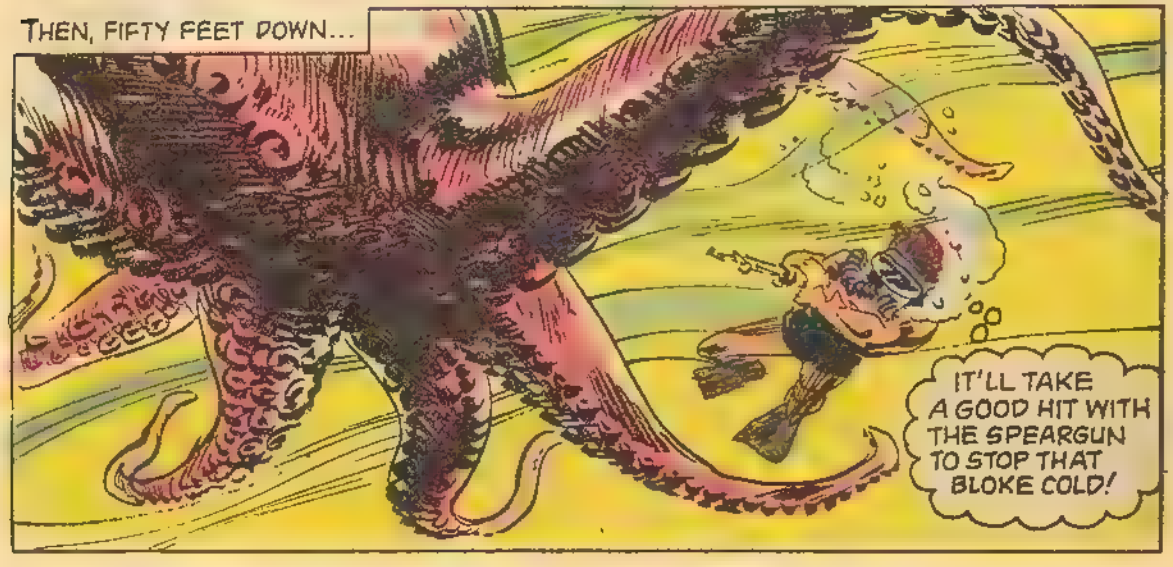
NOW LOOK! THE ELECTRIC POWER IS BLINKING--DYING, TOO!


ACROSS THE ISLAND THE GIANT SEA MONSTERS SCURRY, LAYING WASTE TO ALL BEFORE THEM...
C-CAN'T KEEP THEM BACK FROM THE POWER LINES! RUN!


MEANWHILE, ALAN LANE'S FRIENDS BEGIN TO WORRY...
DON'T SCOFF AT WOMAN'S INTUITION AGAIN! ALAN ISN'T ON BOARD! I TOLD YOU-- HE'S IN TROUBLE!
ALAN'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME! LET'S GO BELOW AND CHECK!


DO YOU THINK THIS YELLOW STAIN COULD--
NO, I'M SURE WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH IN THIS RUDDY STUFF! IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU'LL SEE IT'S ONLY KILLED OFF THE SMALL FRY!


INTO THE PUZZLING STAIN, THE THREE DIVE...

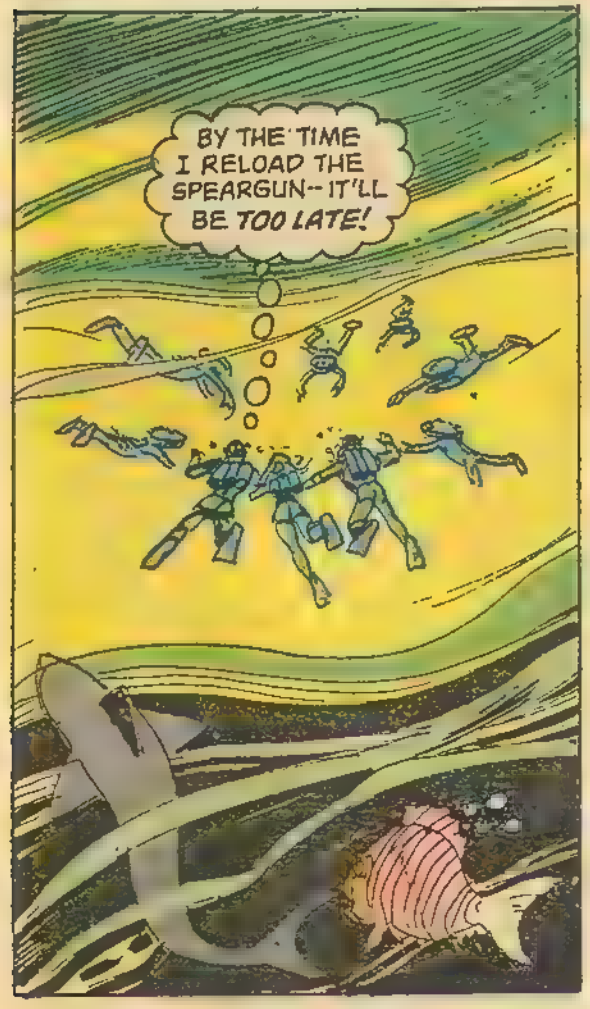

THEN, FIFTY FEET DOWN...
IT'LL TAKE A GOOD HIT WITH THE SPEARGUN TO STOP THAT BLOKE COLD!

UPWARD THE CLAWING TENACLES STREAK, SEIZING THE GIRL BEFORE SHE CAN ESCAPE...

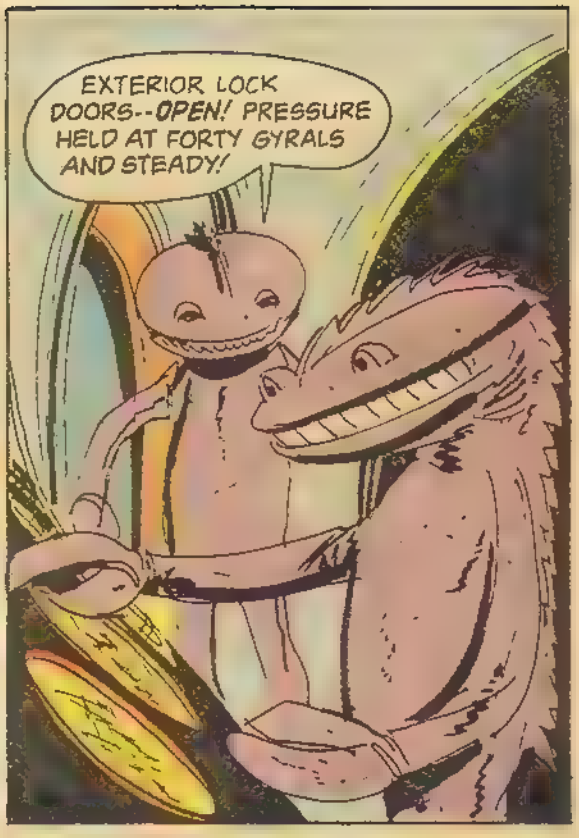
AGAIN AND AGAIN, POWERFUL DARTS RIP INTO THE MONSTER AS ITS GRIP TIGHTENS...

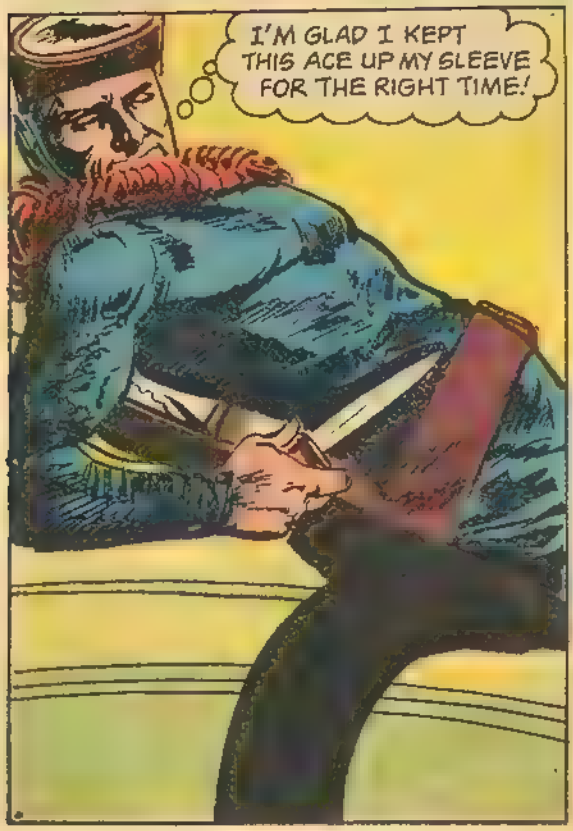
AT LAST, THE HULKING BEAST SLUMPS DOWN...

BEFORE THE STUNNED DIVERS CAN TURN AND FLEE, THE ALIENS CUT OFF ALL CHANCE OF ESCAPE FOR THE SURFACE...

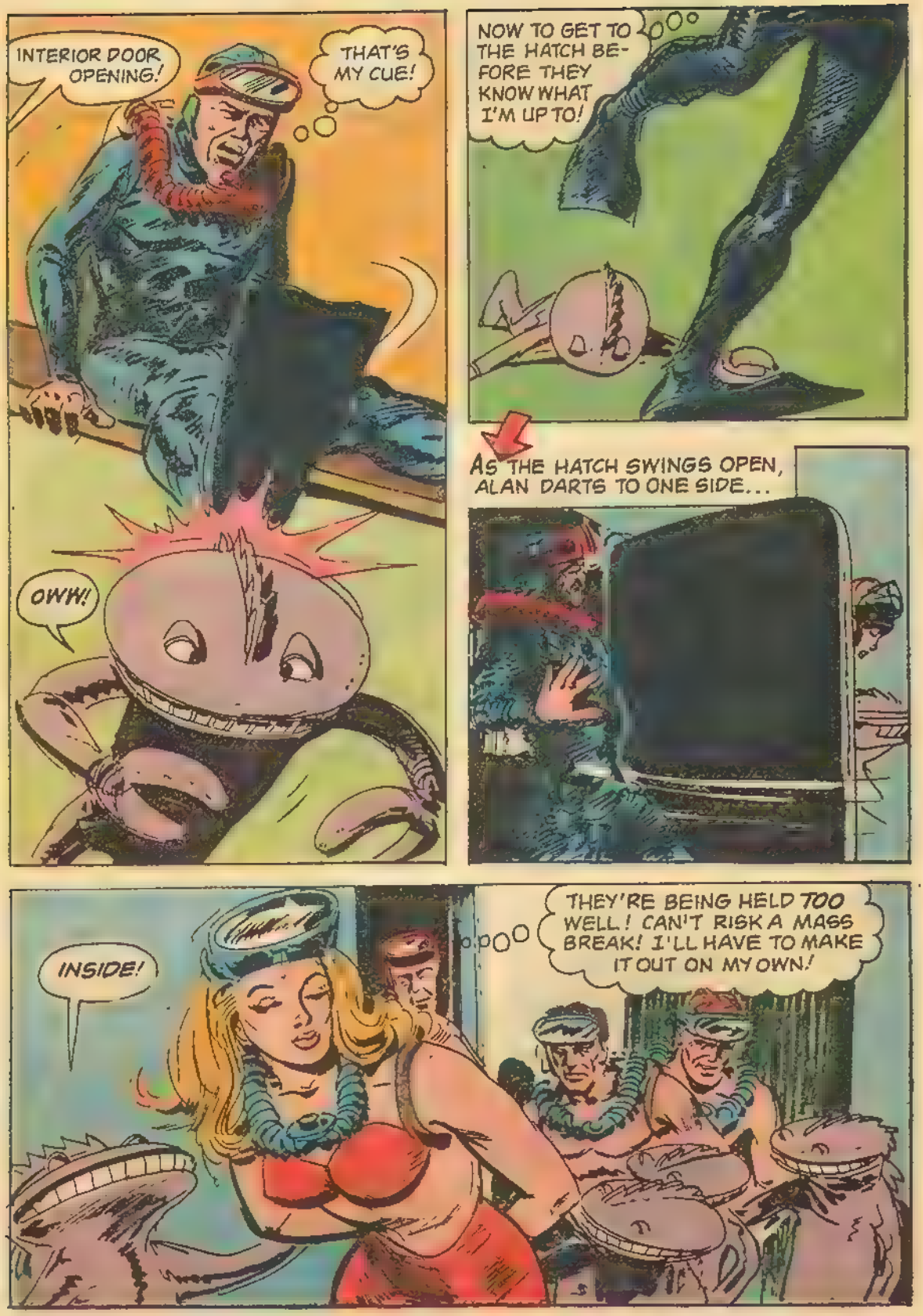


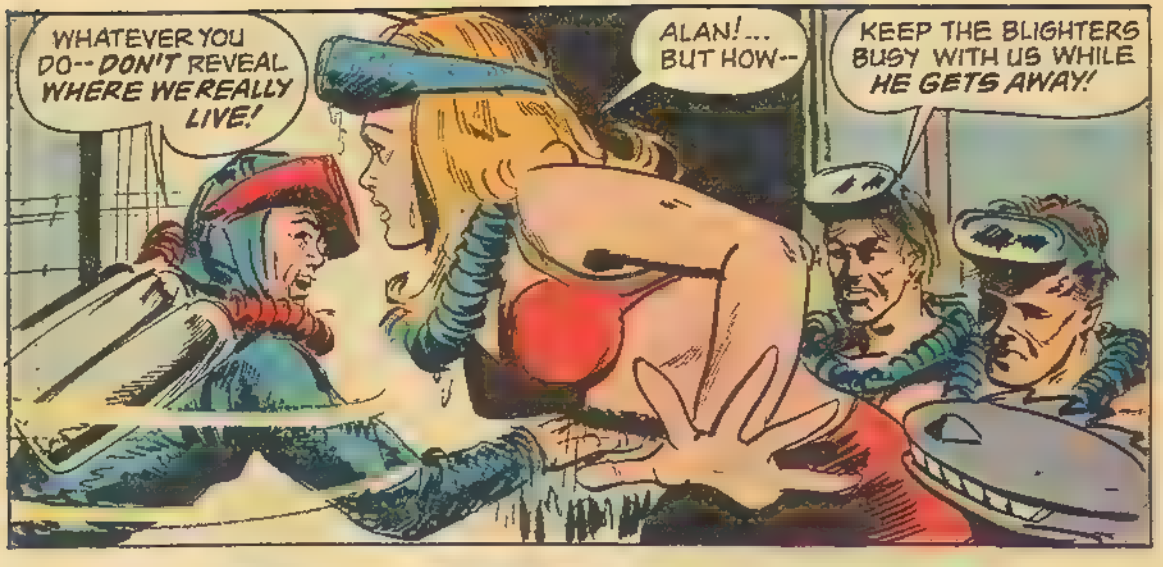
XILG REPORTS! THEY HAVE SEIZED THREE MORE OF THE HIGHER-FISH CREATURES!
OTHER *DIVERS!* IF THEY SPILL THE BEANS, *EVERY-ONE ON LAND WILL BE IN DANGER!*



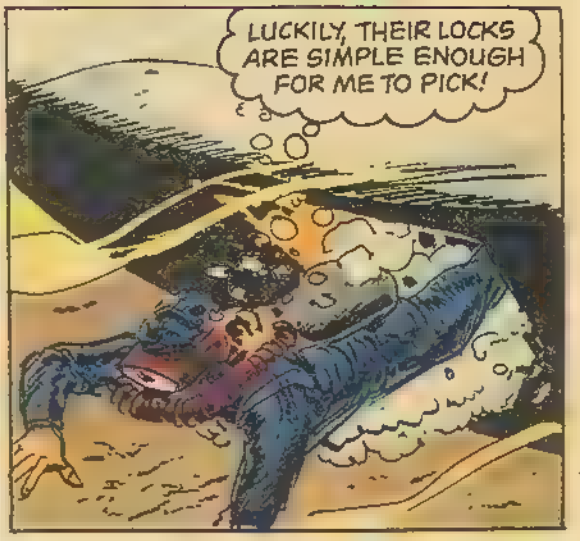


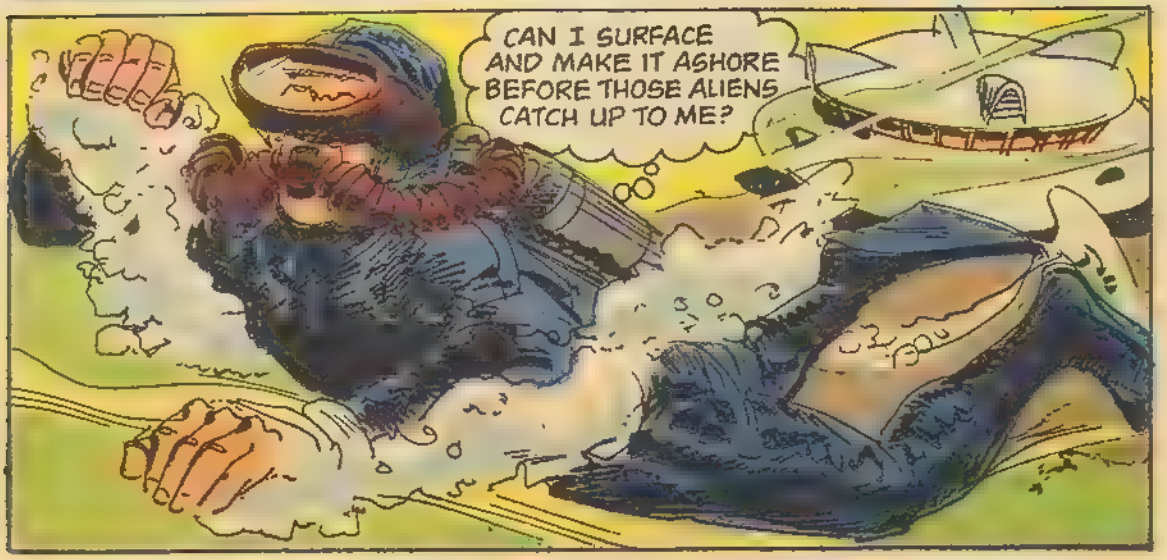
AS THE ALIENS WATCH THE LOCK PANEL...


INTERIOR DOOR OPENING!
THAT'S MY CUE!
OWW!
NOW TO GET TO THE HATCH BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT I'M UP TO!
AS THE HATCH SWINGS OPEN, ALAN DARTS TO ONE SIDE...
INSIDE!
THEY'RE BEING HELD TOO WELL! CAN'T RISK A MASS BREAK! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT OUT ON MY OWN!


WHATEVER YOU DO-- DON'T REVEAL WHERE WE REALLY LIVE!
ALAN!... BUT HOW--
KEEP THE BLIGHTERS BUSY WITH US WHILE HE GETS AWAY!

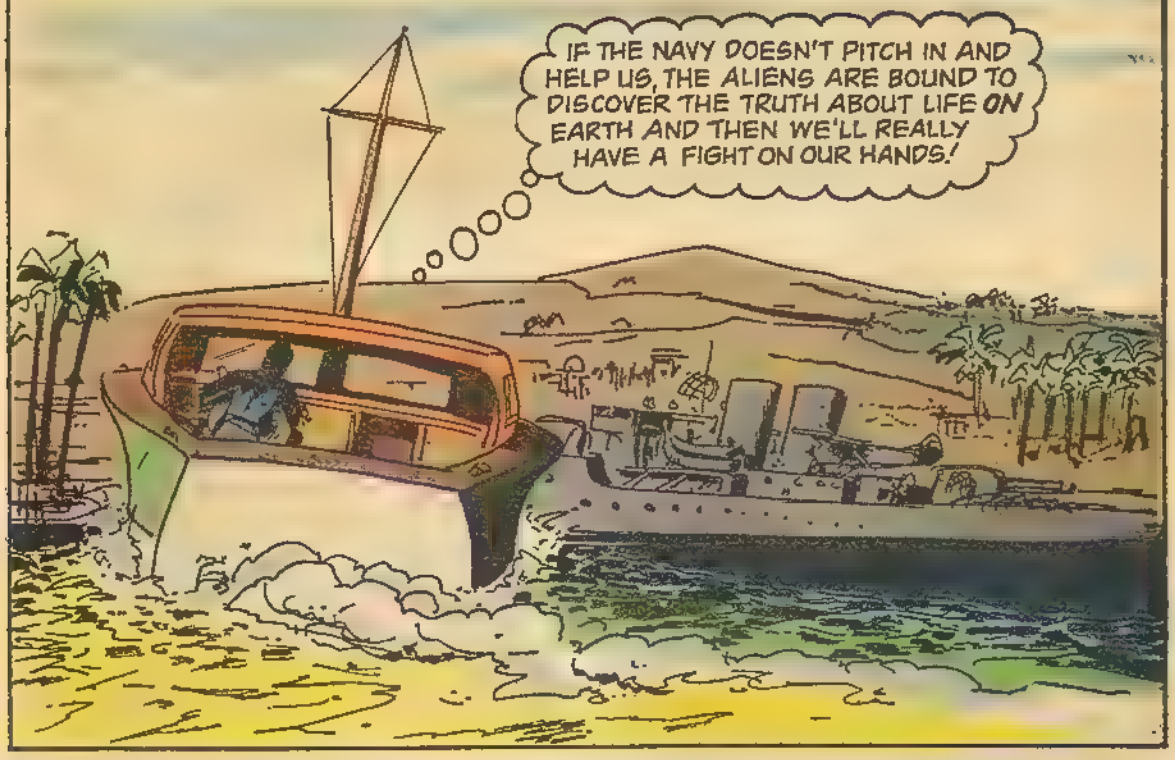
I MAY HAVE GOTTEN THE JUMP ON THEM!


LUCKILY, THEIR LOCKS ARE SIMPLE ENOUGH FOR ME TO PICK!

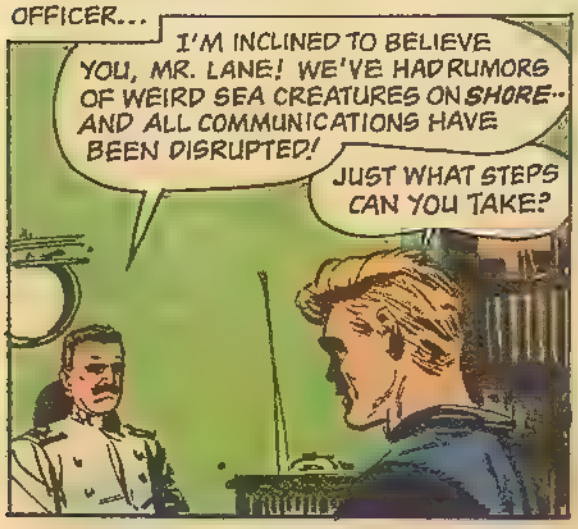

CAN I SURFACE AND MAKE IT ASHORE BEFORE THOSE ALIENS CATCH UP TO ME?

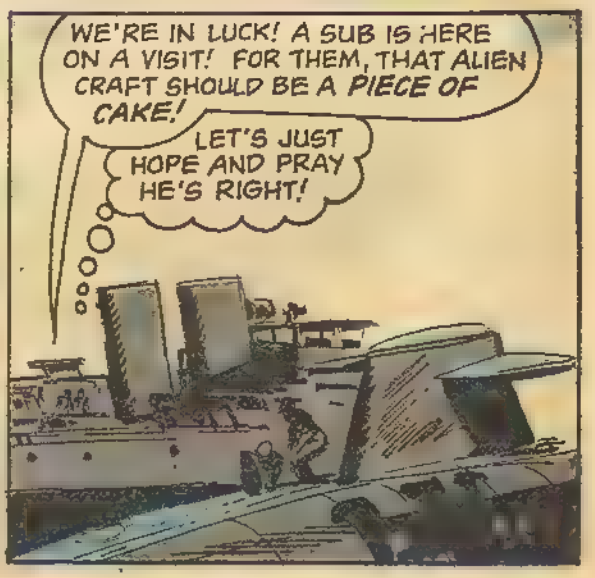
BATTLE BELOW! THE OUTER LIMITS

DOCKING AT THE NAVY PIER, ALAN LANE DESPERATELY SEEKS A POWERFUL ALLY TO FEND OFF THE ALIENS FROM BEYOND...


IF THE NAVY DOESN'T PITCH IN AND HELP US, THE ALIENS ARE BOUND TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH ABOUT LIFE ON EARTH AND THEN WE'LL REALLY HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

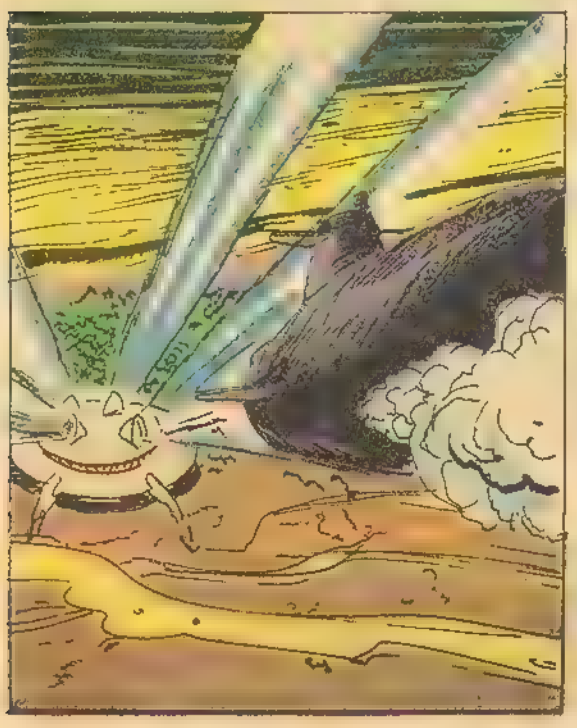
HE TELLS HIS STORY TO THE BRITISH DUTY OFFICER...


I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE YOU, MR. LANE! WE'VE HAD RUMORS OF WEIRD SEA CREATURES ON SHORE.. AND ALL COMMUNICATIONS HAVE BEEN DISRUPTED!
JUST WHAT STEPS CAN YOU TAKE?

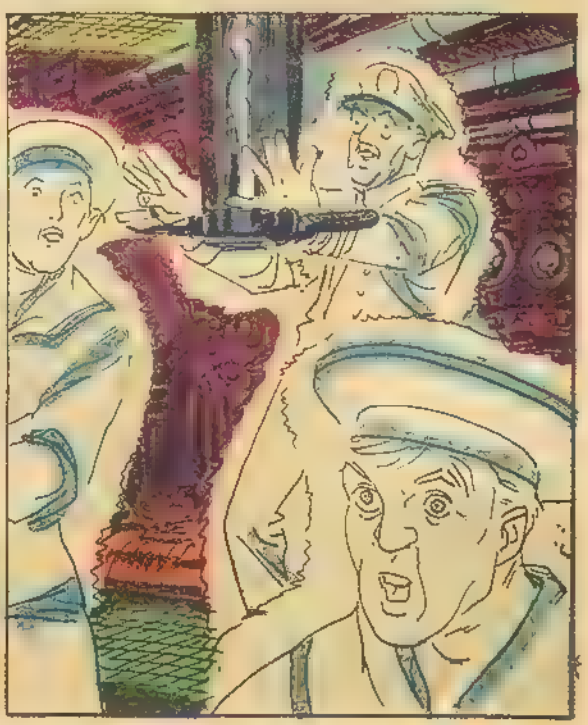


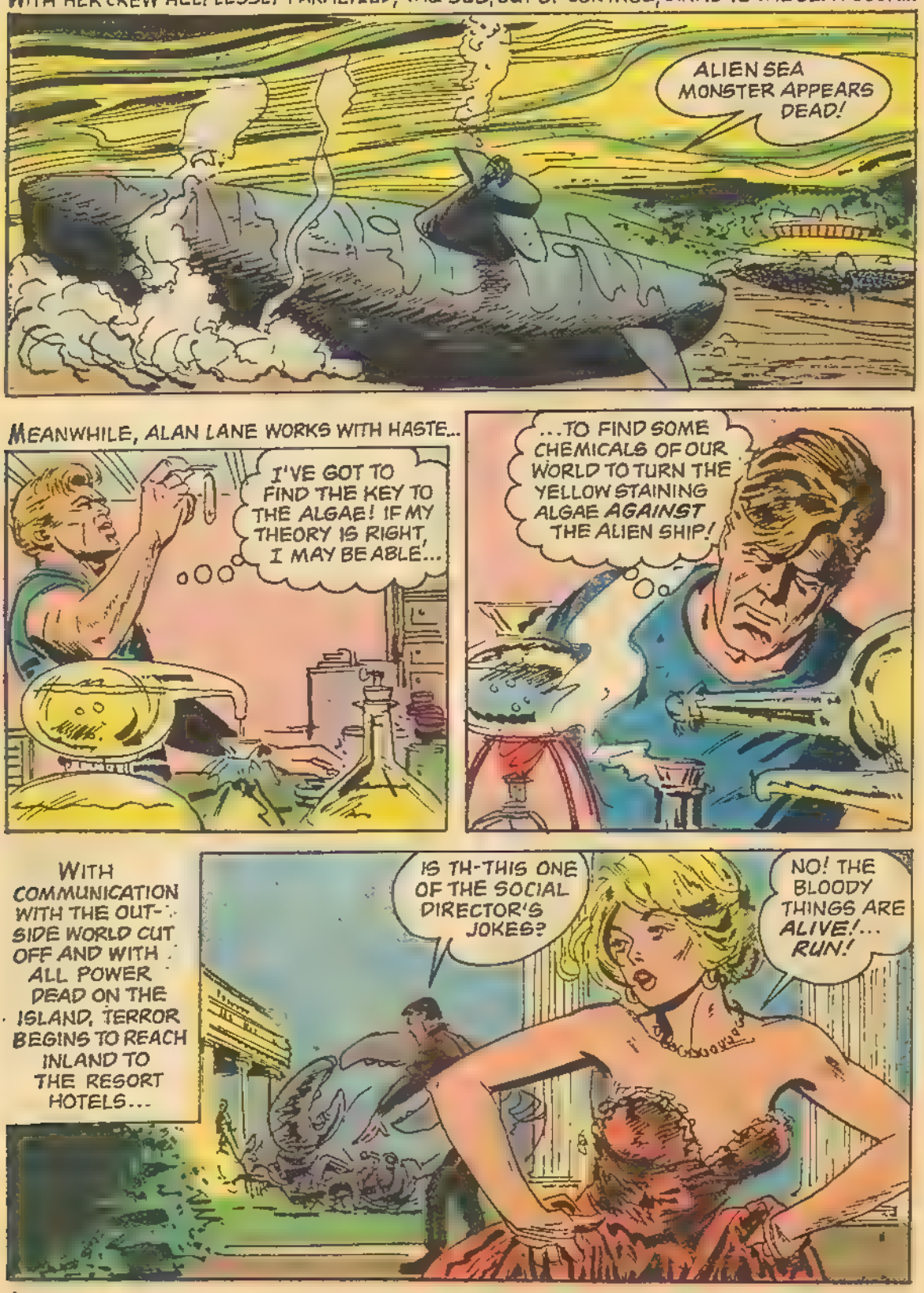
AN ALARM CLARION SOUNDS! THE BRITISH RATINGS RACE TO THEIR STATIONS AND THE SUB-MARINE'S SKIPPER BARKS HIS ORDER TO AN ALERTED CREW...
DIVE! DIVE!
SWIFTLY, THE ATTACK SUB NOSES DOWNWARD FOR THE PLACE WHERE ALAN LANE FIRST LOCATED THE ALIEN CRAFT...
RADAR... SONAR... NEGATIVE!
CONTACT! FIFTEEN DEGREES OFF PORT BOW AND AT A DEPTH OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY--
BATTLE STATIONS!!
OOGAH! OOOGAH!

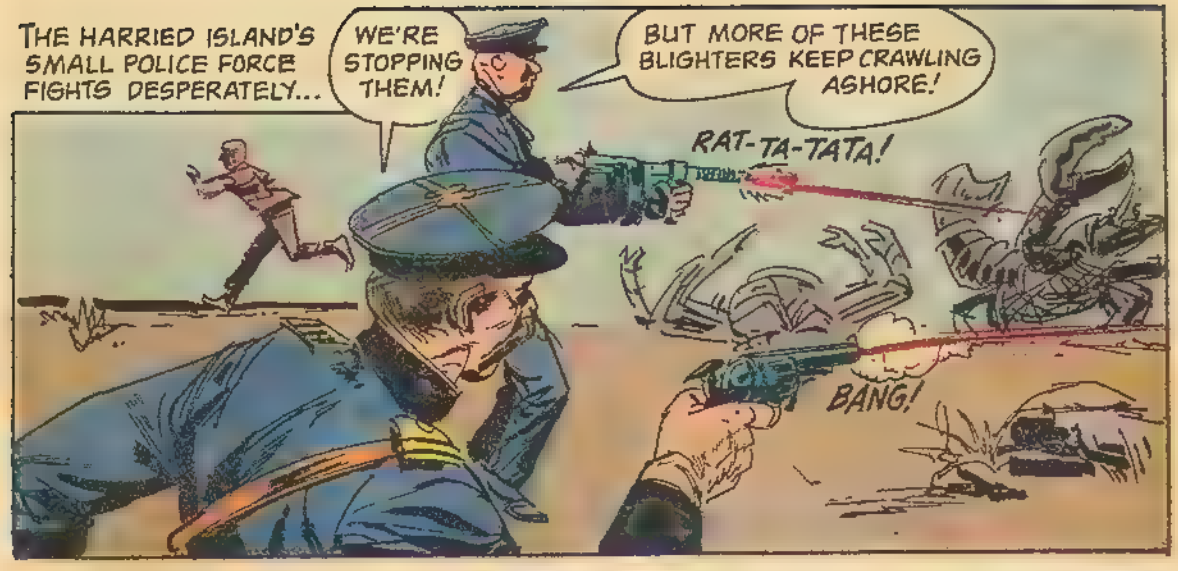
ACROSS THE WATERY DEPTHS, A BEAM FLASHES, STRIKING THE ONCOMING SUB WITH A SUDDEN, STUNNING IMPACT...

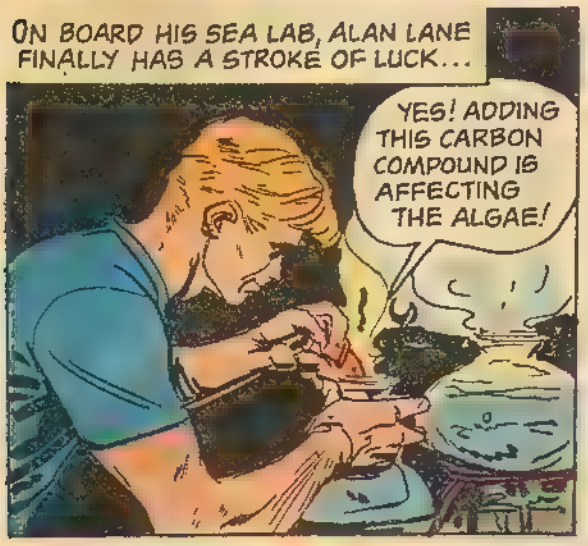


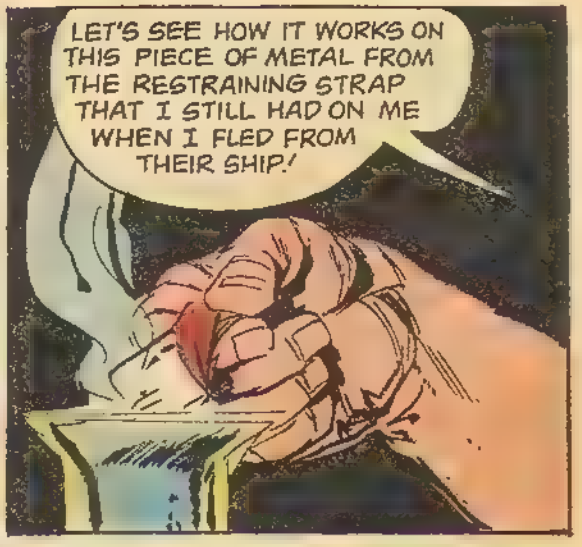
INSIDE THE SUB, THE ELECTRONIC IMPULSE BOUNCES OFF THE METALLIC HULL, SHOCKING AND FREEZING ALL HANDS IN PLACE...

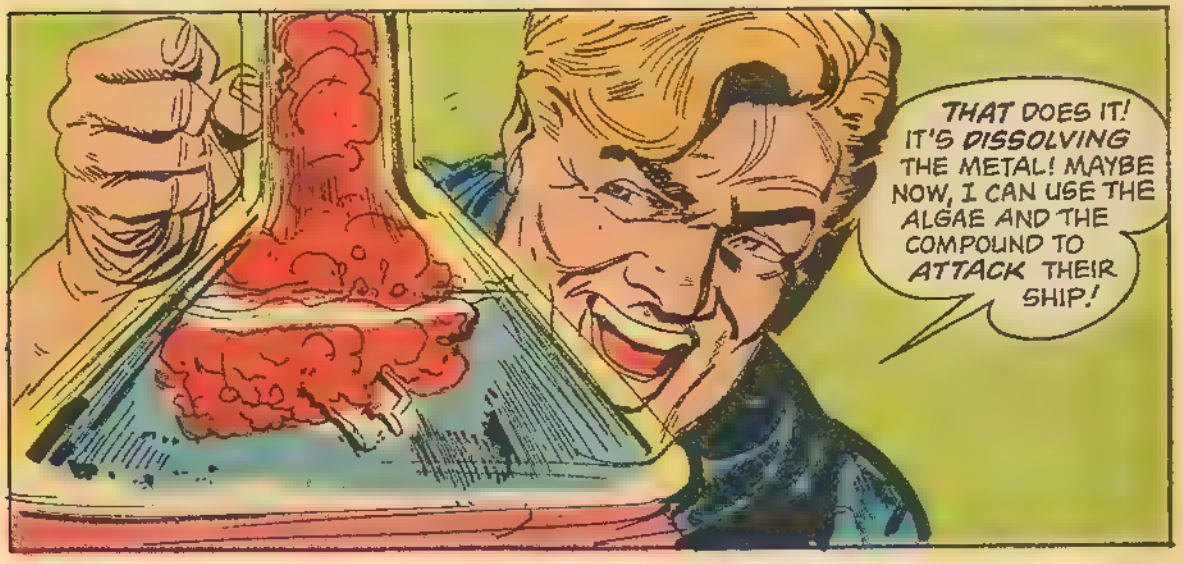



WITH HER CREW HELPLESSLY PARALYZED, THE SUB, OUT OF CONTROL, SINKS TO THE SEA FLOOR...
ALIEN SEA MONSTER APPEARS DEAD!
MEANWHILE, ALAN LANE WORKS WITH HASTE...
I'VE GOT TO FIND THE KEY TO THE ALGAE! IF MY THEORY IS RIGHT, I MAY BE ABLE...
...TO FIND SOME CHEMICALS OF OUR WORLD TO TURN THE YELLOW STAINING ALGAE AGAINST THE ALIEN SHIP!
WITH COMMUNICATION WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD CUT OFF AND WITH ALL POWER DEAD ON THE ISLAND, TERROR BEGINS TO REACH INLAND TO THE RESORT HOTELS...
IS TH-THIS ONE OF THE SOCIAL DIRECTOR'S JOKES?
NO! THE BLOODY THINGS ARE ALIVE!... RUN!

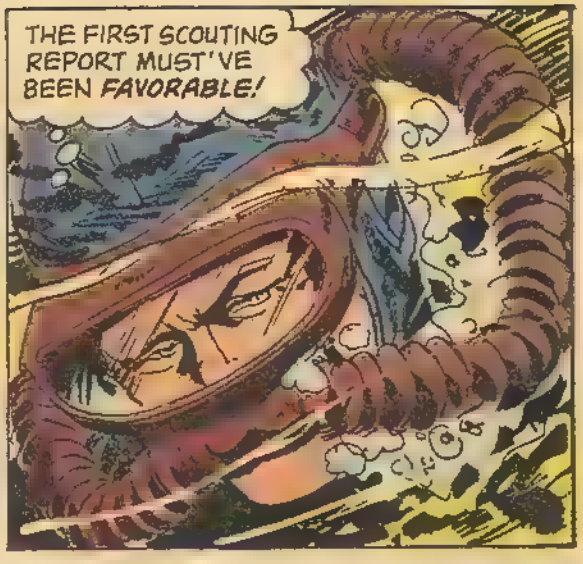

THE HARRIED ISLAND'S SMALL POLICE FORCE FIGHTS DESPERATELY...
WE'RE STOPPING THEM!
BUT MORE OF THESE BLIGHTERS KEEP CRAWLING ASHORE!
RAT-TA-TATA!
BANG!


ON BOARD HIS SEA LAB, ALAN LANE FINALLY HAS A STROKE OF LUCK...
YES! ADDING THIS CARBON COMPOUND IS AFFECTING THE ALGAE!

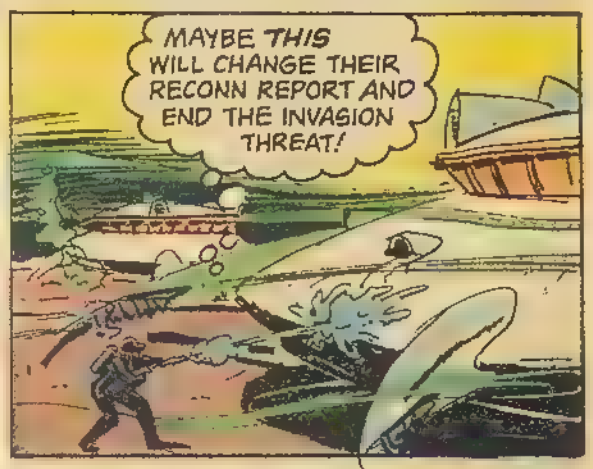

LET'S SEE HOW IT WORKS ON THIS PIECE OF METAL FROM THE RESTRAINING STRAP THAT I STILL HAD ON ME WHEN I FLED FROM THEIR SHIP!


THAT DOES IT! IT'S DISSOLVING THE METAL! MAYBE NOW, I CAN USE THE ALGAE AND THE COMPOUND TO ATTACK THEIR SHIP!

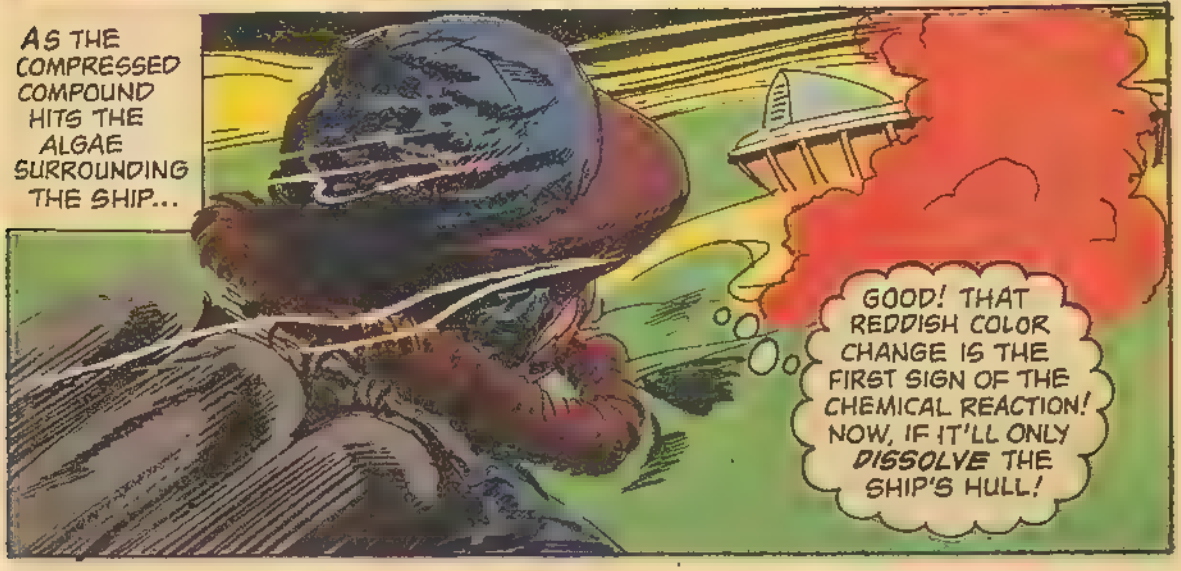
ALAN QUICKLY FILLS A A COMPRESSOR WITH THE LIQUIFIED COMPOUND...
SO FAR WE'VE HAD NO WORD BACK FROM THE SUB! BUT WITH THIS FOR A WEAPON, MAYBE WE HAVE A CHANCE!
A LITTLE OF THIS COMPOUND SHOULD GO A LONG WAY--ENOUGH TO START ONE SHIP DISSOLVING!
VROOOM!
WHAT'S MAKING ALL THAT RACKET UP THERE? SOUNDS LIKE LOW FLYING JETS! HAVE WE CALLED IN THE AIR FORCE?
THEN, BEFORE HIS SICKENED GAZE...
OH, NO! TWO MORE SHIPS! AND IF THESE THREE AREN'T TURNED BACK, A FULL SCALE INVASION WILL BE ON!

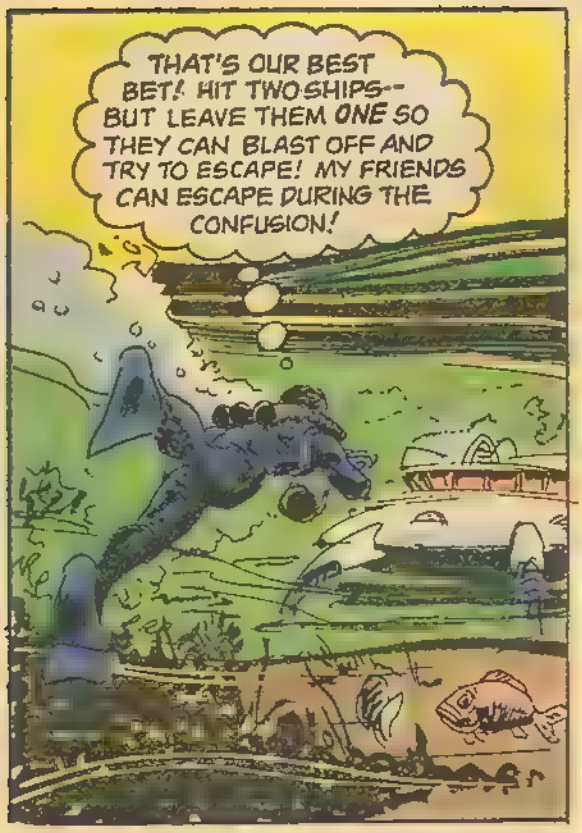


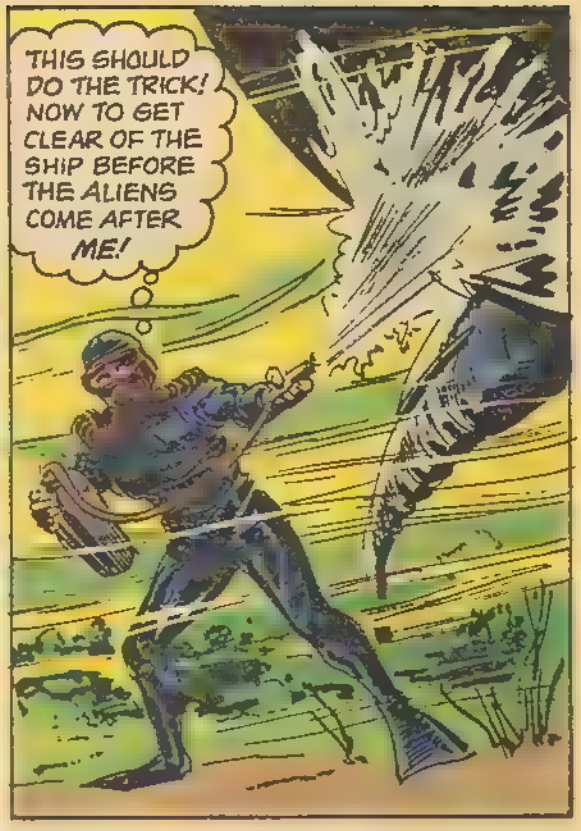
DESCENDING TO THE FIRST ALIEN CRAFT, ALAN LANE HOPEFULLY AIMS THE COMPRESSOR..



AS THE COMPRESSED COMPOUND HITS THE ALGAE SURROUNDING THE SHIP...

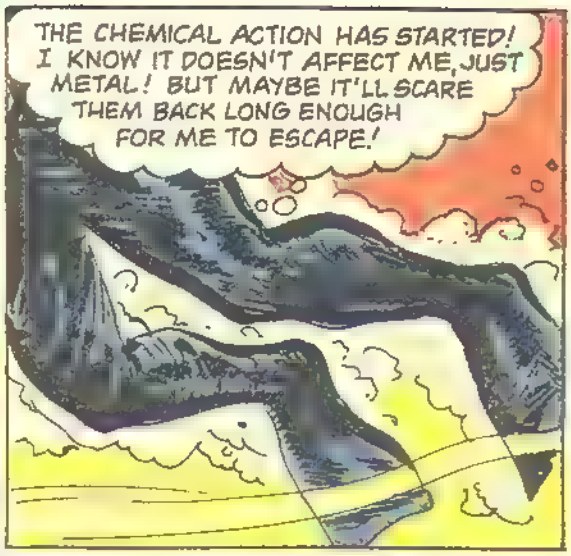



THAT'S OUR BEST BET! HIT TWO SHIPS-- BUT LEAVE THEM ONE SO THEY CAN BLAST OFF AND TRY TO ESCAPE! MY FRIENDS CAN ESCAPE DURING THE CONFUSION!

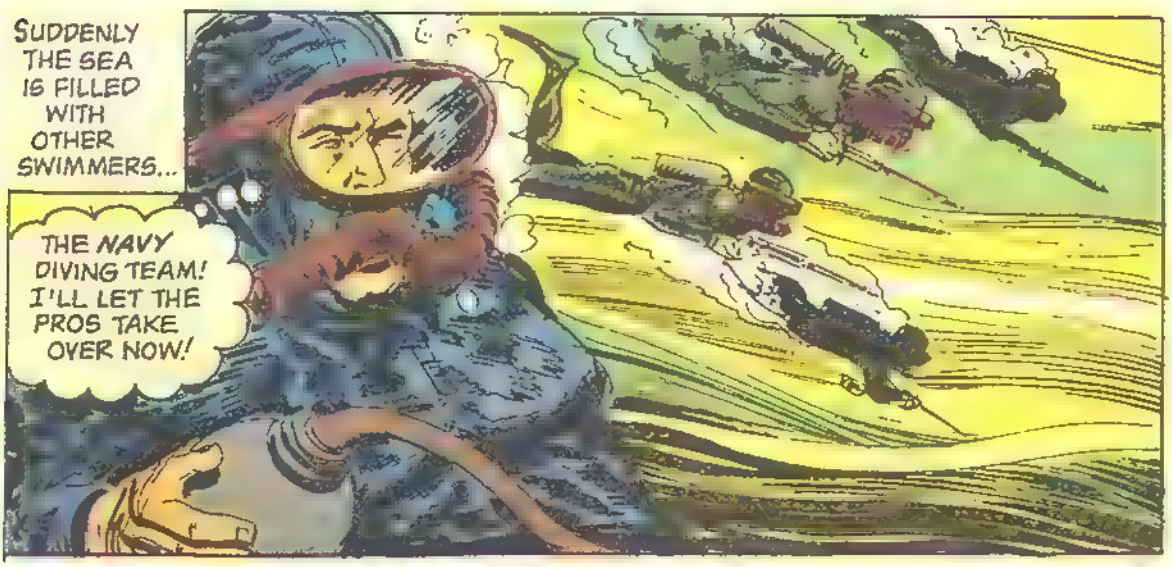


WITH STARTLING SPEED, THE CHEMICAL ACTION STRIKES! LEAKS START ON THE HULL PLATES AND INSIDE, PANIC REIGNS...

BUT OUTSIDE, SWARMING LIKE ANGRY BEES, THE ALIENS START FOR ALAN LANE...

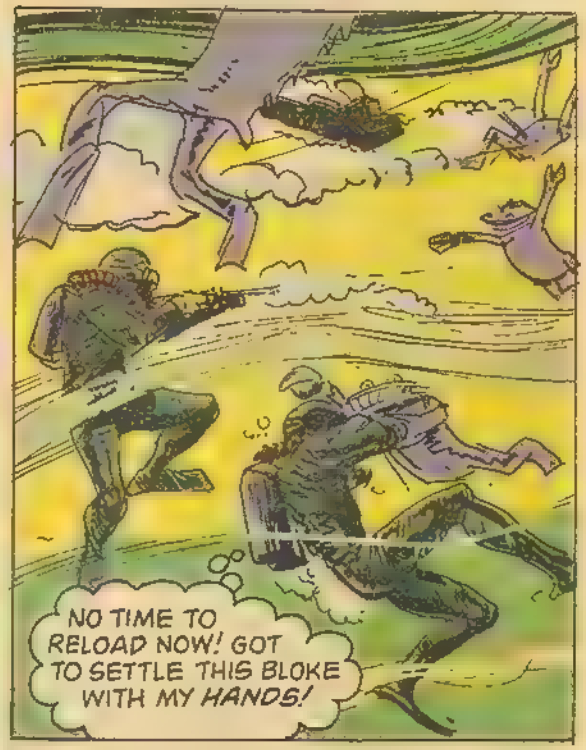

THE CHEMICAL ACTION HAS STARTED! I KNOW IT DOESN'T AFFECT ME, JUST METAL! BUT MAYBE IT'LL SCARE THEM BACK LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO ESCAPE!

WITH CONTAGIOUS FEAR, THE ALIENS SWIM AWAY FROM THE SPREADING, REDDISH CLOUD...



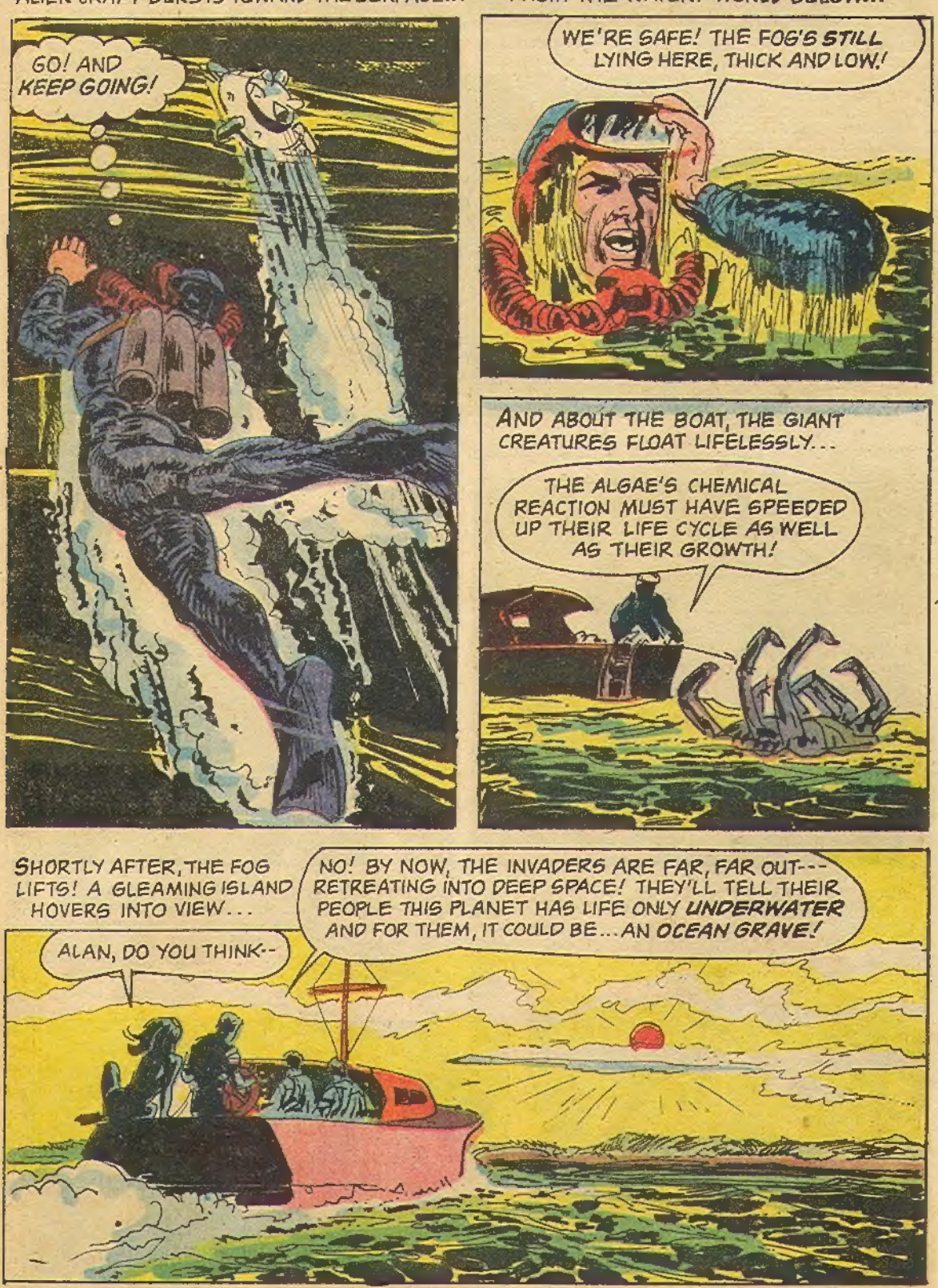
UPWARD THE ALIENS STREAK, SURE THAT IN THIS ELEMENT THEY CAN TRIUMPH! WITH STEADY PRECISION, THE NAVY UNDERWATER TEAM FLANKS ITS FOE AND FIRES...

WITH DEADLY EFFECT, THE UNDERWATER WEAPONS STRIKE! STILL THE ALIENS ATTACK...



A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET BELOW THE BERMUDA SEA, A BATTLE RAGED FOR THE FATE OF THE WORLD...

ON A SIGNAL, THE ALIENS TURN, WHIRLING IN RETREAT FOR THEIR ONE INTACT SPACE SHIP...


WITH A WILD, SURGING WHIRL OF JETS, THE ALIEN CRAFT BURSTS TOWARD THE SURFACE...
GO! AND KEEP GOING!
MINUTES LATER, ALAN LANE BREAKS FROM THE WATERY WORLD BELOW...
WE'RE SAFE! THE FOG'S STILL LYING HERE, THICK AND LOW!
AND ABOUT THE BOAT, THE GIANT CREATURES FLOAT LIFELESSLY...
THE ALGAE'S CHEMICAL REACTION MUST HAVE SPEEDED UP THEIR LIFE CYCLE AS WELL AS THEIR GROWTH!
SHORTLY AFTER, THE FOG LIFTS! A GLEAMING ISLAND HOVERS INTO VIEW...
ALAN, DO YOU THINK--
NO! BY NOW, THE INVADERS ARE FAR, FAR OUT--- RETREATING INTO DEEP SPACE! THEY'LL TELL THEIR PEOPLE THIS PLANET HAS LIFE ONLY UNDERWATER AND FOR THEM, IT COULD BE...AN OCEAN GRAVE!

DREAM OF HATE

EARLY IN 1938, A COLLEGE STUDENT NAMED KEELER HAD A DREAM. HE WAS MARCHING ALONG IN A FUNERAL PROCESSION DRESSED IN A SHABBY ARMY UNIFORM, ALONG WITH OTHER SHABBY SOLDIERS. THE PEOPLE WHO SAW THIS **HATED** HIM AND HIS COMRADES. THEY WANTED TO **KILL** KEELER, AND HE WOKE IN A SWEAT, WONDERING WHAT TERRIBLE CRIME HE HAD COMMITTED.

IN 1943, WITH THE UNITED STATES AT WAR, KEELER ENLISTED IN THE ARMY AIR FORCE.

LATER THAT YEAR, ON HIS FIRST MISSION AS GUNNER IN A BOMBER, KEELER AND A CREW OF 8 OTHERS WERE SHOT DOWN OVER NAZI GERMANY.

CAPTURED AND MARCHED INTO TOWN, KEELER SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE DREAM HE'D FIVE YEARS BEFORE. TO AMUSE HIS WEARY COMRADES, HE TOLD THEM ABOUT IT, AND ADDED HOW GLAD HE WAS IT HADN'T COME TRUE. THERE WAS NO COFFIN AND NO ANGRY PEOPLE.

BUT THEN PEOPLE POURED OUT FROM AIR-RAID SHELTERS, CARRYING A BOX WHICH HELD THE BODY OF A GERMAN KILLED ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE. THEY SCREAMED AND SPAT AT THE AMERICANS, AND MADE THEM FORM A FUNERAL PROCESSION. **THE DREAM HAD COME TRUE!** YEARS LATER, SAFELY HOME AGAIN, KEELER STILL SHUDDERED AS HE TOLD THE STORY!

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